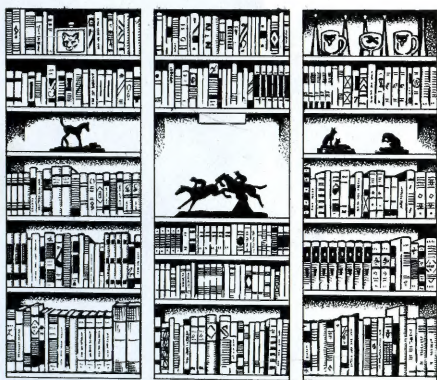


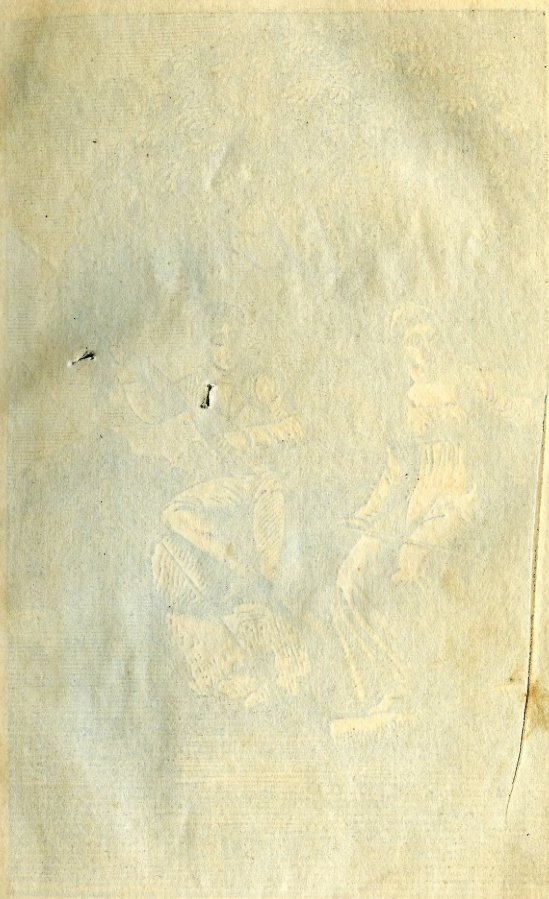
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SPORTING ANECDOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;
INCLUDING
NUMEROUS CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS
OF
PERSONS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE,
WHO HAVE ACQUIRED NOTORIETY FROM THEIR
ACHIEVEMENTS ON THE TURF, AT THE
TABLE, AND IN THE
DIVERSIONS OF THE FIELD,
WITH SKETCHES OF THE
VARIOUS ANIMALS OF THE CHASE:
TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN ACCOUNT OF NOTED
PEDESTRIANS, TROTTING MATCHES,
CRICKETERS, &c
THE WHOLE FORMING A COMPLETE DELINEATION OF THE
SPORTING WORLD.

BY **PIERCE EGAN.**

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1823.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

DESCRIPTION OF THE AUTOMATON CHESS

PLAYER.

Exhibited in Spring Gardens, London, in 1819.

This curious invention originated with Wolfgang de Kempelen, an Hungarian gentleman, aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Born at Vienna, in the year 1769, he offered to the Empress Maria Theresa, to construct a piece of mechanism more unaccountable than any she had previously witnessed; and accordingly, within six months, the Automaton Chess Player was presented at Court, where his extraordinary mental powers excited the liveliest astonishment. In 1785, M. de Kempelen visited England, and at his death in 1802, this Automaton became the property of that gentleman's son, by whom he was sold to the present exhibiter.

The room where it was exhibited had an inner apartment, within which appeared the figure of a Turk, as large as life, dressed after the Turkish fashion, sitting behind a chest of three

feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and two feet and a half in height, to which it is attached by the wooden seat on which it sits. The chest is placed upon four castors, and, together with the figure, may be easily moved to any part of the room. On the plain surface formed by the top of the chest, is raised an immoveable chess-board, of handsome dimensions, upon which the figure has its eyes fixed; its right arm and hand being extended on the chest, and its left arm somewhat raised, as if in the attitude of holding a Turkish pipe, which originally was placed in its hand.

The exhibiter begins by wheeling the chest to the entrance of the apartment within which it stands, and in the face of the spectators. He then opens certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front, and two at the back, at the same time pulling out a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest, made to contain the chessmen, a cushion for the arm of the figure to rest upon, and some counters. Two lesser doors, and a green cloth screen, contrived in the body of the figure and its lower parts, are likewise opened, and the Turkish robe which covered them is raised, so that the construction both of the figure and chest internally is displayed. In this state the Automaton is moved round for the examination of the spectators; and, to banish all suspicions from the most sceptical mind, that any living subject is concealed within any part

of it, the exhibiter introduces a lighted candle into the body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of each is, in a great measure, rendered transparent, and the most secret corner is shown. Here it may be observed, that the same precaution to remove suspicion is used, if requested, at the close, as at the commencement of a game of chess with the Automaton.

The chest is divided by a partition, into two unequal chambers. That to the right of the figure is the narrowest, and occupies scarcely one third of the body of the chest. It is filled with little wheels, levers, cylinders, and other machinery, used in clock work. That to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body, and lower parts of the figure contain certain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery. After a sufficient time, during which each spectator may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibiter recloses the doors of the chest and figure, and the drawer at the bottom; makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key inserted into a small opening on the side of the chest, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game of chess.

At one and three o'clock in the afternoon, the Automaton plays only ends of games, with any

person who may be present. On these occasions the pieces are placed on the board, according to a preconcerted arrangement; and the Automaton invariably wins the game. But at eight o'clock every evening, it plays an entire game against any antagonist who may offer himself, and generally is the winner, although the inventor had not this issue in view as a necessary event.

In playing a game, the Automaton makes choice of the white pieces, and always has the first move. These are small advantages towards winning the game, which are cheerfully conceded. He plays with the left hand, the right arm and hand being constantly extended on the chest, behind which it is seated. This slight incongruity, proceeded from absence of mind in the inventor, who did not perceive his mistake till the machinery of the Automaton was too far completed to admit of the mistake being rectified. At the commencement of the game, the Automaton moves his head, as if taking a view of the board; the same motion occurs at the close of a game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it towards the square of the piece to be moved. Its hands and fingers open on touching the piece, which it takes up, and conveys to a proposed square. The arm then returns with a natural motion to the cushion upon which it generally rests. In

taking a piece, the Automaton makes the same motion of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece, which it conveys from the board; and then returning to its own piece, it takes it up, and places it on the vacant square. These motions are performed with perfect correctness; and the dexterity with which the arm acts, especially in the delicate operation of casting, seems to be the result of spontaneous feeling, bending at the shoulder, and knuckles, and cautiously avoiding to touch any other piece than that which is to be moved, nor even making a false move.

After a move made by its antagonist, the Automaton remains for a few moments only inactive, as if meditating its next move, upon which the motions of the left arm and hand follow. On giving check to the king, it moves its head as a signal. When a false move is made by its antagonist, which frequently occurs, through curiosity to observe in what manner the Automaton will act; as for instance, if a knight be made to move like a castle, the Automaton taps impatiently on the chest, with its right hand, replaces the Knight on its former square, and, not permitting its antagonist to recover his move, proceeds immediately to move one of its own pieces; thus appearing to punish him for his inattention. This little advantage in play which is hereby gained makes the Automaton more a match for its antagonist, and seems to have been

contemplated by the inventor as an additional resource towards winning the game.

It is of importance that the person matched against the Automaton, should be attentive, in moving a piece, to place it precisely in the centre of its square ; otherwise the figure, in attempting to lay hold of the piece, may miss its hold, or even sustain some injury in the delicate mechanism of the fingers. When the person has made a move, no alteration in it can take place ; and if a piece be touched, it must be played some where. This rule is strictly observed by the Automaton. If its antagonist hesitates to move for a considerable time, it taps smartly on the top of the chest with the right hand, which is constantly extended upon it, as if testifying impatience at his delay.

During the time that the Automaton is in motion, a low sound of clock-work running down is heard, which ceases soon after its arm returns to the cushion ; and then its antagonist may make his move. The works are wound up at intervals, after ten or twelve moves, by the exhibitor, who is usually employed in walking up and down the apartment in which the Automaton is shown, approaching, however, the chest from time to time, especially on its right side.

At the conclusion of the exhibition of the Automaton, on the removal of the chess men from the board, one of the spectators indiscriminately is requested to place a knight upon any

square of the board at pleasure. The Automaton immediately takes up the knight, and beginning from that square, it moves the piece, according to its proper motion, so as to touch each of the sixty-three squares of the chess-board in turn, without missing one, or returning to the same square: the square from which the knight proceeds is marked by a white counter; and the squares successively touched, by red counters, which at length occupy all the other squares of the board.

A CARD TABLE COMPARED TO A FIELD OF
BATTLE.

The contending parties at a card-table are as eager there for victory and the spoils as soldiers in a battle. In the mimic game of war, kings are the commanders in chief, queens are generals in petticoats, and knaves the army contractors. Then follow the undisciplined recruits, armed with spades and clubs. Stationed round the table, the hostile armies face each other, and begin the fight, resolved to conquer or to fall; the bravest hearts are taken in the conflict.—Kings and queens lie prostrate, or are led away captive to the enemy's camp; and such a ransom is demanded for their freedom, as drains the coffers of the vanquished party.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

The Dog has long been regarded as excelling every other species of the brute creation in its attachment to man. For domestic uses, no animal has been found more serviceable to the human race, and its actions have so often bordered on ratiocination, that many incidents which have been related are deemed altogether incredible. Yet still the reader may regard the following narration as an absolute fact, however much of improbability there may appear in it to an unreflecting mind.

Donald Archer, a grazier, near Paisley in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog, for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service which he performed with the greatest vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it: but whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep-dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house, and notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he was never able to discover his abode.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning

home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence, as caused him to look for a place of shelter; but not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by crouching under the trees; it was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgment, though not without the fear of meeting danger from the attack of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighbouring country. A smoke that came from some bushes, convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it prudent to go, in order that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path, and came to the door, knocked and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly-looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated; in a room that wore but an indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with equal surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home; he did not think

proper to inquire of his host, at that time, how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing about him rendered his situation very unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented to the unfortunate grazier, by which he might pursue his journey; he remembered, however, to learn of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was 14 miles from Paisley, and that if he ventured out again before daylight, it was almost impossible for him to find his way as the night was so bad; but if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to act; he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family—but to go out in the wood during the dark, and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room, and left to take his repose.

It is necessary to observe, that from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller began to revolve in his

mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed, and by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror; the floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow out of a closet that was secured by a lock, which he endeavoured to explore but could not open it! No longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, and to perish in the attempt or effect his deliverance. With this determination, he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction; he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation, that was held by several persons whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention.—The villanous landlord was informing them, in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the

possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for that purpose ! Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life ; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat ; the rest of his gang were struck with astonishment at so sudden an attack, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran until daylight enabled him to perceive a house, and the main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party that were quartered upon him, the sergeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more than ever rendered conspicuous, for by running before his company, and his singular behaviour, he led them to the desired spot. On entering the house, not a living creature was to be seen—all had deserted it ; they, therefore, began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller ; who was afterwards advertised through-

out all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire-place with his feet, in such a manner as to raise the curiosity of all present; the sergeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap-door was discovered, which on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches in their quick retreat had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fallen victims to their cruelty, supposing him to be past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds, and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus was the life of a man preserved by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped.

EXTRAORDINARY CRICKET-MATCH BETWEEN TWENTY-TWO FEMALES.

In the year 1811, on Wednesday, the 2d of October, in a field belonging to Mr. Strong, at the back of Newington-Green, near Ball's Pond, Middlesex, this singular performance between the Hampshire and Surrey heroines, commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was made by two noblemen, for 500 guineas a side. The performers in this contest were of all ages and sizes, from fourteen to sixty; the young had shawls, and the old long cloaks.—The

Hampshire were distinguished by the colour of true blue, which was pinned in their bonnets, in the shape of the Prince's plume. The Surrey were equally as smart; their colours were blue, surmounted with orange. The latter eleven, consisted of Ann Baker (sixty years of age, the best runner and bowler on that side,) Ann Taylor, Maria Barfett, Hannah Higgs, Elizabeth Gale, Hannah Collas, Hannah Bartlett, Maria Cooke, Charlotte Cooke, Elizabeth Stock, and Mary Fry.

The Hampshire eleven, were Sarah Luff, Charlotte Pulain, Hannah Parker, Elizabeth Smith, Martha Smith, Mary Woodson, Nancy Porter, Ann Poulsters, Mary Novell, Mary Hisslock, and Mary Jougan.

Very excellent play took place on Wednesday, one of the Hampshire lasses made forty-one innings before she was thrown out; and at the conclusion of the day's sport, the Hampshire eleven were 81 a-head—the unfavourableness of the weather prevented any more sport that day, though the ground was filled with spectators. On the following day, the Surrey lasses kept the field with great success; and on Monday the 7th, being the last day to decide the contest, an unusual assemblage of elegant persons were on the ground. At three o'clock the match was won by the Hampshire lasses, who not being willing to leave the field at so early an hour, and having only won by two innings, they

played a single game, in which they were also successful. Afterwards they marched in triumph to the Angel of Islington, where a handsome entertainment had been provided for them, by the Noblemen that made the match.

THE COMMON HARE.

This little animal is found throughout Europe, and indeed in most of the northern parts of the world. Being destitute of weapons of defence, it is endowed by Providence with the passion of fear. Its timidity is known to every one: it is attentive to every alarm, and is, therefore furnished with ears very long and tubular, which catch the remotest sounds. The eyes are so prominent, as to enable the animal to see both before and behind.

The hare feeds in the evenings, and sleeps in his form during the day; and as he generally lies on the ground, he has the feet protected, both above and below, with a thick covering of hair. In a moonlight evening, many of them may frequently be seen sporting together, leaping about and pursuing each other: but the least noise alarms them, and they then scamper off, each in a different direction. Their pace is a kind of gallop, or quick succession of leaps; and they are extremely swift, particularly in ascending higher grounds, to which, when pursued, they generally have recourse; here their large and strong hind legs are of singular use

to them. In northern regions, where, on the descent of the winter's snow, they would, were their summer fur to remain, be rendered particularly conspicuous to animals of prey, they change in the autumn their yellow-gray dress, for one perfectly white; and are thus enabled, in a great measure, to elude their enemies.

In more temperate regions they choose in winter, a form exposed to the south, to obtain all the possible warmth of that season: and in summer, when they are desirous of shunning the hot rays of the sun, they change this for one with a northerly aspect; but in both cases they have the instinct of generally fixing upon a place where the immediately surrounding objects are nearly of the colour of their own bodies.

In one hare that a gentleman watched, as soon as the dogs were heard, though at the distance of nearly a mile, she rose from her form, swam across a rivulet, then lay down among the bushes on the other side, and by this means evaded the scent of the hounds. When a hare has been chased for a considerable length of time, she will sometimes push another from its seat, and lie down there herself. When hard pressed, she will mingle with a flock of sheep, run up an old wall, and conceal herself among the grass on the top of it, or cross a river several times at small distances. She never runs in a line directly forward, but constantly doubles about, which frequently throws the dogs out of the scent; and

she generally goes against the wind. It is extremely remarkable that hares, however frequently pursued by the dogs, seldom leave the place where they were brought forth, or that in which they usually sit; and it is a very common thing to find them, after a long and severe chase, in the same place the following day.

The females have not so much strength and agility as the males: they are consequently more timid, and never suffer the dogs to approach them so near before they rise, as the males. They are likewise said to practise more arts, and to double more frequently.

This animal is gentle, and is susceptible even of education. He does not often, however, though he exhibits some degree of attachment to his master, become altogether domestic; for, although when taken very young, brought up in the house, and accustomed to kindness and attention, no sooner is he arrived at a certain age, than he generally seizes the first opportunity of recovering his liberty, and flying to the fields.

Whilst Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, he had a young hare brought to him, which he took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it soon became so frolicksome, as to run and jump about his sofa and bed; sometimes, in its play, it would leap upon, and pat him with its fore feet, or whilst he was reading, even knock the book out of his hand. But

whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

Mr. Borlase saw a hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lay under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear in every respect as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself, always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a greyhound, and a spaniel, both so fond of hare hunting, that they often went out together, without any person accompanying them. With these two dogs the tame hare spent its evenings, they always slept on the same hearth, and very frequently would rest itself upon them.

Hares are very subject to fleas. Linnaenus tells us that cloth, made of their fur, will attract these insects, and preserve the wearer from their troublesome attacks.

Dogs and foxes pursue the hare by instinct: wild cats, weasels, and birds of prey devour it: and man, far more powerful than all its other enemies, makes use of every artifice to seize upon an animal which constitutes one of the numerous delicacies of his table. Even this poor defenceless creature is rendered an object of amusement, in its chase, to this most arrogant of all animals, who boasts his superiority over the brute creation in the possession of intellect and reason. Wretchedly, indeed, are these per-

verted, when exercised in so cruel, so unmanly a pursuit.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits
 Conceal'd with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
 By nature rais'd to take the horizon in ;
 And head conceal'd betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep
 In scattered sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once.

In India the hare is hunted for sport, not only with dogs, but with hawks, and some species of the cat genus. The flesh, though in esteem amongst the Romans, was forbidden by the Druids, and by the Britons of the early centuries. It is now, though very black, dry, and devoid of fat, much esteemed by the Europeans, on account of its peculiar flavour.

The female goes with young about a month : she generally produces three or four at a litter, and this about four times in a year. The eyes of the young ones are open at birth : the dam suckles them about twenty days, after which they leave her, and procure their own food.— They make forms at a little distance from each other, and never go far from the place where they were brought forth. The hare lives about eight years.

NATURE.

One of the sons of Gosden, whose father was celebrated as the bold rider of Datchett, was out upon his favourite pony, with the king's stag hounds, he came to a part where the present D— of C—d was refusing a leap. When the bolder son of Nimrod, without thinking of the importance and rank of the person he was addressing, exclaimed, "Stand away, and let me take it—a pretty sort of Duke you are."

LAYING A WAGER WELL.

At Brighton, in October, 1795, Sir John Lade for a trifling wager, undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley on his back, from opposite to the Pavillion, twice round the Steyne. Several ladies attended as spectators of this extraordinary feat, of the drawf carrying the giant. When his Lordship declared himself ready, Sir John desired him to strip. "Strip," exclaimed the other; "why surely you proposed to carry me in my clothes." "By no means," replied the Baronet; "I engaged to carry you, but not an inch of clothes; so therefore my Lord, make ready, and let us not disappoint the ladies."—After much laughable altercation, it was at length decided that Sir John had won his wager, the peer having declined to exhibit in puris naturalibus.

TURNING A PACK OF CARDS TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

A private soldier, of the name of Middleton, attending divine service with the rest of his regiment in the Kirk, at Glasgow, instead of referring to a bible like his brother soldiers, to find the parson's text, pulled out from his pocket a pack of cards, which he spread before him. This singular behaviour did not pass unnoticed, both by the clergyman and the sergeant of the company to which he belonged; the latter, in particular, commanded him to put up the cards, and on his refusal, conducted Middleton, after church service, before the Mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Middleton's indecent demeanor during the divine ceremony. "Well, soldier," said the Mayor, "what excuse have you to offer for this strange and scandalous conduct? If you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 'tis well, if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished."

The soldier entered upon his defence in the following words:—"Since your honour is so good as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days on the march with the bare allowance of six pence per day, which your honour will surely allow is hardly sufficient to maintain a man in meat and drink, washing, and other necessities, and consequently he may be without a bible, prayer

book, or any other good book." On saying this, Middleton drew out his pack of cards, and presenting one of the aces to the Mayor, continued his address to the magistrate as follows:—"When I see an ace, may it please your honour, it reminds me that there is only one God; and when I look upon a two, or a three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son, the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A four calls to my remembrance the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. A five, the five wise virgins, who were ordered to trim their lamps, (there were ten, indeed, but five your worship may remember were wise, and five were foolish;) a six, that in six days God created heaven and earth; a seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all he had made; an eight, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the deluge, viz:—Noah, and his wife, with his three sons and their wives; a nine, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour; (there were ten, but one only returned to offer his tribute of thanks,) and a ten, of the ten commandments."

Middleton then took the knave, placed it beside him and passed on to the queen, on which he observed as follows:—"This Queen reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon: as her companion the king does, of the great King of Heaven, and of our most gracious King George the Third.

"Well," returned the mayor, "you have given me a very full and good description of all the cards, except the knave."

"If your honour will not be angry with me," replied Middleton, "I can give you the same satisfaction upon that as any in the pack."—"No," said the mayor, "I will not be angry; proceed."

"Well," resumed the soldier, "the greatest knave I know, is the sergeant who brought me before you."

"I do not know," answered the mayor, "whether he be the greatest knave or not, but I am sure he is the greatest fool." The soldier then continued as follows:—"When I count the number of dots in a Pack of Cards, there are three hundred and sixty-five, so many days are there in a year; when I count how many cards are in a pack, I find fifty-two, so many weeks are there in a year; when I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack, I find there are thirteen, as many months are there in a year. So that this Pack of Cards indisputably proves itself both Bible, Almanack, and Prayer Book to me."—The mayor calling his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier, and, giving him money, pronounced Richard Middleton the cleverest fellow he had ever heard of.

THE INSPIRED GAMESTER.

An Archbishop of Canterbury making a tour

into the country, stopped at an inn for refreshment. Being at the window, he observed at a distance, in a solitary wood, a well dressed man alone, talking and acting a kind of part.

The prelate's curiosity was excited, to know what the stranger was about, and accordingly sent some of his servants to observe him, and hear what he was rehearsing. But they bringing back an answer far from satisfactory, his Grace resolved to go himself; he accordingly repaired to the wood, ordering his attendant to keep at a distance. He addressed the stranger very politely, and was answered with the same civility. A conversation having been once entered into, though not without interruptions, by an occasional soliloquy, his grace asked what he was about. "I am at play," he replied. "At play," said the prelate, "and with whom? you are all alone?"—"I own," said he, "Sir, you do not perceive my antagonist, but I am playing with God."—"Playing with God, (his lordship thinking the man out of his mind,) this is a very extraordinary party; and pray what game, Sir, are you playing?"—"At chess, Sir."—The Archbishop smiled; but the man seeming peaceable, he was willing to amuse himself with a few more questions. "And do you play for any thing, sir?"—"Certainly."—"You cannot have any great chance, as your adversary must be so superior to you!"—"He does not take any advantage, but plays merely like a man."—"Pray, Sir, when you win or lose, how do you settle your

accounts?"—"Very exactly and punctually, I promise you."—"Indeed! pray how stands your game?" The stranger, after muttering something to himself, said, "I have just lost it."—"And how much have you lost?"—"Fifty guineas."—"That is a great sum; how do you intend paying it, does God take your money?"—"No, the poor are his treasures; he always sends some worthy person to receive the debt, you are at present the purse-bearer." Saying this, he pulled out his purse and counting fifty guineas, put them into his Grace's hand, and retired, saying, "He should play no more that day."

The prelate was quite fascinated; he did not know what to make of this extraordinary adventure, he viewed the money, and found all the guineas good; recalled all that had passed, and began to think there must be something in this man more than he had discovered. However he continued his journey, and applied the money to the use of the poor, as had been directed.

Upon his return, he stopped at the same inn, and perceiving the same person again in the wood, in his former situation, he resolved to have a little further conversation with him, and went alone to the spot where he was. The stranger was a comely man, and the prelate could not help viewing him with a kind of religious veneration, thinking, by this time that he was inspired to do good in this uncommon manner. The prelate accosted him as an old ac-

quaintance, and familiarly asked him how the chance stood since they had last met. "Sometimes for me, and against me; I have both lost and won." And are you at play now?"—"Yes, Sir, we have played several games to day."—"And who wins?"—"Why, Sir, at present the advantage is on my side, the game is just over, I have a fine stroke; check mate, there it is."—"And pray, Sir, how much have you won?"—"Five hundred guineas?"—"That is a handsome sum; but how are you to be paid?"—"I pay and receive in the like manner: he always sends me some good rich man when I win; and you, my lord, are the person. God is remarkably punctual upon these occasions."

The Archbishop had received a very considerable sum on that day: the stranger knew it, and produced a pistol by way of receipt; the prelate found himself under the necessity of delivering up his cash; and by this time, discovered the divine inspired gamester to be neither more nor less than a thief. His lordship had, in the course of his journey, related the first part of this adventure, but the latter part he prudently took great pains to conceal.

SPORTING EPITAPH.

ON the death of the late
JOHN PRATT, ESQ.

Of Askrigg, in Wensleydale,

Who died at Newmarket, May 8, 1785.

A character so eccentric—so variable—so valuable,

Astonish'd the age he liv'd in.
 Tho' small his patrimony,
 Yet, assisted by that and his own genius
 He, for upwards of thirty years,
 Supported all the hospitality
 Of an ancient **BARON**.
 The excellent qualities of his heart
 Were eminently evinc'd,
 By his bounty to the poor,
 His sympathetic feelings for distress,
 And his charity for all mankind.
 Various and wonderful were the means
 Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,
 To support his course of life.
 In which he saw and experienced
 Many **TRIALS**, and many vicissitudes
 Of fortune;
 And tho' often hard press'd, whipt, and spurr'd,
 By that Jockey **NECESSITY**,
 He never swerv'd out of the course
 Of honour.
 Once, when his finances were impair'd,
 He received a seasonable supply,
 By the performance of a **MIRACLE** !*
 At different periods he exhibited
 (Which were the just emblems of his own life)
 A **CONUNDRUM**, an **ENIGMA**, and a **RIDDLE**;
 And strange to tell ! even these
 Enrich'd his pocket.
 Without incurring censure,
 He trained up an **INFIDEL**,†
 Which turned out to his advantage.
 He had no singular partiality
 For flowers, shrubs, roots, or birds.
 Yet, for several years he maintained a **FLORIST**,‡
 And his **RED ROSE**, more than once,
 Obtain'd the premium.

* A famous horse of his, got by Changeling.

† Got by Turk, dam (Goldfinch and Miss Nightingale's dam) by Crab.

‡ Got by Match'em.

He had a HONEYSUCKLE and a PUMPKIN,
 Which brought hundreds into his purse :
 And a PHOENIX, a NIGHTINGALE, a GOLDFINCH,* and a
 CHAFFINCH,
 Which produced him thousands.
 In the last war,
 He was the owner of a PRIVATEER,
 Which brought him several valuable prizes.
 Though never fam'd for gallantry,
 Yet he had in keeping at different periods,
 A VIRGIN, a MAIDEN,† an ORANGE GIRL, and a
 BALLAD-SINGER ;
 Besides several Misses,‡
 To all whom his attachment was notorious.
 And (what is still more a paradox)
 Tho' he had no issue by his lawful wife,
 Yet the numerous progeny, and quick abilities,
 Of these very females,
 Prov'd to him a source of supply.
 With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles,
 He retained his PURITY§
 Till a few days before his death ;
 When the great CAMDEN
 Spread the fame thereof so extensively,
 As to attract the notice of his Prince,
 Who thought it no diminution of royalty
 To obtain so valuable an acquisition by purchase.
 Although he parted with his PURITY
 At a great price,
 Yet his honour and good name
 Remained untarnish'd to the end of his life.
 At his death, indeed, *Slander*
 (In the semblance of PITY)

* Got by Match'em out of Infidel's dam.

† Got by Match'em out of his famous Squirt Mare, the dam of Conundrum, Pumpkin, Ranthus, Enigma, &c. and grandam of Miracle, Virgin, Dido, &c.

‡ The dam of Rockingham, got by Match'em, out of his Squirt mare.

§ Afterwards Rockingham.

Talk'd much of his insolvency.
 And much of the ruin of individuals;
 But the proof of his substance,
 And of a surplus not much inferior
 To his original patrimony,
 Soon answered—refuted—and wip'd away the calumny.
 To sum up the abstract of his character,
 It may truly be said of him,
 That his frailties were few;
 His virtues many.
 That he liv'd,
 Almost universally belov'd;
 That he died,
 Almost universally lamented.

SURPRIZING COURAGE OF A CAT.

It is generally acknowledged that the dog often reaches to the point of human sagacity; but the following instance of maternal courage and affection in a cat is no less deserving of admiration.

A cat, who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon, about the stable door. While she was joining them in a thousand gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barn-yard in expectation of prey; and in a moment swift as lightning, darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who to defend itself, let fall the prize; the battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both

parties, for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had, for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but puss no way daunted at the accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary: in this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself apparently with additional vigour, and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage: for by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore the head off the vanquished tyrant; and immediately, disregarding the loss of her eye, ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds made by the hawk's talons in its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them, or their affectionate parent.

Ah! wanton cruelty, thine hand withhold,
And learn to pity from the tale that's told:
Caress Felina, for in her we find
A grand example to instruct mankind,
Who leaves her young unguarded, or unfed,
Has far less virtue than this quadruped.

THE SPORTING DRESS AND ITS CONCOMITANTS.

From "British Field Sports."

The first consideration, in our variable climate, is defence against rheumatic attacks, which ultimately may occasion even the pleasures of the field to be bought at too great a price; and against danger to the lower limbs, whilst passing hedge, ditch, wood, or waste, and the attacks of venomous reptiles. In point of general convenience, half boots, which lace close, and having a sole as substantial as consists with good speed, and the safety of the ankle joints and back sinews, with trowsers, or overalls, strongly defended within side by leather, and thorn-proof, deserve a preference as lower attire. The sole and leather of the boots should be varnished, and rendered water-proof. For the upper attire there is no need to urge the use of flannel, so suited to our climate, since, at some periods, our young men have been accustomed to load and waistcoat themselves in the style of wasting jockeys. I entirely agree with Mr. Hawker on the proper materials for the shooting jacket—in the early and warm season, jean, satteen, or nankeen;

* The above work, is not only one of the most elegant of its kind, from its superior embellishment; but also contains very useful information to the Lovers of Sporting Subjects connected with Shooting, Hunting, Coursing, Racing, Fishing, &c. published in parts at 3s. each, or handsomely put up in boards, at 17. 18s. by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. No Sportsman's library is complete without the British Field Sports. There is also a fine edition of this work.

for late autumn and winter, fustian or velveteen are to be chosen, the shooting waistcoat being made of the same stuff. Men, as the French say, d'un certain age, who would wish to guard against those exquisite comforts during a sleepless night, lumbago and sciatica, will not be offended at the caution, to have their winter jackets and waistcoats made long, as a defensive comfort to the loins. A side-pocket, next the heart, is with me a *sine qua non*, being so convenient for wadding, and various small articles; and the larger, or hare pocket should either be lined with oil skin, which may be sponged, or that which is still more cleanly, have a thick lining, which may be taken out and washed.— A copper wire, pendant from a button should always be at hand to clear the touch-hole; and generally the sportsman should go into the field fully provided with all those little tools, which will readily occur to the memory, and which are indispensable in cases of emergency, by no means forgetting a flask of the best Nantz and biscuit.

INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY AFFECTION IN A BADGER.

The following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateau de Venours:—

“Two persons were on a short journey, and passing through a hollow way, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked,

and pursued, till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a few miles from a village, called Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they purposed selling the skin, as badger's hair furnishes excellent brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far, when they heard a cry of an animal in seeming distress, and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before; when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village; nor could dogs, boys, or men induce it to quit its situation by any means, and to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards to burn it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

ORIGIN OF COCK-FIGHTING.

When Themisticles led an army of his countrymen against their barbarian neighbours, he beheld two cocks engaging in furious combat ! The spectacle was not lost upon him ; he made his forces halt, and thus addressed them :—

“These cocks, my gallant soldiers, are not fighting for their country, their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for their offspring, or for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty : the only motive is, that the one is heroically resolved not to yield to the other !” This impressive harangue rekindled their valour, and led them to conquest. After decisive victories over the Persians, the Athenians decreed, by law, that one day should be set apart in every year for the public exhibition of cock-fighting, at the expense of the state.

ON THE BREEDING OF GAME COCKS.

From “British Field Sports.”

The cock is said to be in his prime and full vigour at two years old, which he probably retains to his fifth year ; the hen somewhat longer. Cockers breed in and in, without scruple. The following is Mr. Sketchley’s description of a brood cock, in full health and vigour.—“A ruddy complexion, feathers close and short, not cold or dry ; flesh firm and compact, full-breast-

ed, yet taper and thin behind; full in the girth, well coupled, lofty and spiring, with a good thigh; the beam of his leg very strong, a quick large eye, strong beak, crooked, and big at setting on." Such a one, not more than two years old, to be put to early pullets, or a blooming stag with two year old hens; and when a cock, with pullets of his own getting. Uniformity of colours is generally sought, and the hens selected of similar plumage to that of the cock; the same of shape, which is a greater object in the hen, than size; only she should be lofty crested, short, and close feathered, with clean, sinewy, blood-like legs. Shropshire and Cheshire have long been famous for their breed of game cocks; and the Shropshire reds are in particular high estimation. There was formerly in Staffordshire a famous breed of cocks, of a perfect jet black, gipsy faced, black legs, and rather elegant than muscular; lofty in fighting, close in feather, and well shaped. This breed soon degenerated; and, I presume, is now extinct. The following procreative comparison of Mr. Sketchley speaks volumes:—

Years.	Years.	Years.	Years.
Stag 1	with Hens. . . . 2	Man 18 . . .	Woman 22
Cock. . . . 2	with Pullets. . . .	Man 25 . . .	Woman 22
Cock. . . . 2	with Hens. . . . 2	Man 25 . . .	Woman 22
Cock. . . . 3	with Hens. . . . 3	Man 40 to 50	Woman 45
Cock. . . . 4	with Hens. . . . 3	Man 50 to 60	Woman 45

ANCIENT AND MODERN COURSING.

By Major. Topham.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 "Straining upon the start—the game's a-foot!"

Shakspeare, Hen. Vth.

The greyhound, under the ancient name of gaze-hound, formed one of the earliest dogs of the chase; and from the very nature of his first appellation was intended only to run by sight. He was the original accompaniment of royalty in the sports of the field; and in lieu of fines and forfeitures due to the crown, king John was wont to accept of greyhounds; whether, when received as a tax, he was able to obtain those of a superior description, is not to be ascertained. But the dog of that day, which under kings was the concomitant of hawking, was long-haired, and somewhat resembling the one used by warreners; and in the oldest pictures now extant on the subject, the spaniel, and sometimes the pointer, accompanied the sportsman in what was at that period denominated coursing.

The greyhound then employed was probably larger than even the warren mongrel, resembling more the shaggy wolf-dog of former times than any sporting dog of the present day. The Wolds of Yorkshire, which like the Wealds of Kent, are a corruption of the word "Wilds," appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries at Flixton,

Stackston, and Folkston, in the east riding of Yorkshire, are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the cars below among the rushes, furze, and bogs, and in the night time came up from their dens, and unless the sheep had been previously driven into the town, or the shepherds indefatigably vigilant, great numbers of them were destroyed; it being observed of all wild animals, that when they have opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, of course to commit much unnecessary carnage.

From the wolves having so long remained in the parts just mentioned, it is not more than fifty years since many of the long-haired, curl-tailed greyhounds were to be traced, bred originally from the wolf-dog; and some of these, for a short distance, could run with surprising velocity. That a dog of this description should sufficiently gratify the coursing sentiment of that day, is by no means surprising; the uncultivated face of the country, covered with brakes, bushes, wood, and infinite obstacles, may readily account for it. In running their game, they had to surmount these impediments, and to dart through thorn hedges (in that unimproved state) which covered eighteen or twenty feet in width, and frequently to kill their object of pursuit in the middle of them.

These dogs were accustomed to lie unhoused,

upon the cold ground, and to endure all hardships of indifferent food, and more indifferent usage; but when the owner, or protector, lived in the open air, unmindful of the elements, and regardless of the storm, it can create no surprise that the faithful dog should fare no better than his master. This, most likely, was the earliest stage of the gaze or greyhound; wild in his aspect, erect in his ears, and shaggy in his coat; but even in that unimproved state they had many good points; as straight firm legs, round, hard, fox-hound feet; were incredibly quick at catching view, and being instantaneously upon their legs, which modern sportsmen term "Firing quickly."

In uniform progress with time, improvement proceeded also: during "the merry days of good Queen Bess," when maids of honour could breakfast upon beef, and ride a-gallop for a day together, the sports of the field were objects of due attention. It was then her Majesty, divested of regal dignity, would condescend to see a brace of deer pulled down by greyhounds after dinner: and it was then that coursing began to assume a more regulated form, and to acquire a more universal degree of emulative estimation.

Instead of the wild man with his wilder dogs, taking his solitary quest for game, the hourly enlightened sportsmen of that day, began to form themselves into more friendly congeniality,

and rules were adopted, by which a general confidence and mutual intercourse might be maintained. The Duke of Norfolk, who was the leading sportsman of that time, was powerfully solicited, and ultimately prevailed upon, to draw up a proper code of laws, which constitute the magna charta of the present day.

These rules, though established by a Duke, and regulated by a Queen, rendered the coursing of that period but of a very little sterile description. Pointers were used for the purpose of finding the game, and when any of these made a point, the greyhounds were uncoupled, as a necessary prelude to the sport which was to ensue. The greyhounds, even at this time, deviated but little from the kind already described, rough and heavy, with strength enough to overcome any difficulty it might be necessary to break through. To found the area of improved coursing, and for introducing greyhounds of superior form, and higher blood, was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton. If the agricultural meetings in the most distant counties feel themselves gratefully justified in drinking, as their first toast, "The memory of Mr. Bakewell," no true and consistent coursing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthusiasm, "The memory of the Earl of Orford."

It is the distinguishing trait of genius to be enthusiastically bold, and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or science, nothing in mental, or

even in manual labour, was ever achieved of superior excellence, without that ardent zeal, that impetuous sense of eager avidity, which, to the cold, inanimate, and unimpassioned, bears the appearance, and sometimes the unqualified accusation of insanity. When a monarch of this country once received the news of a most heroic action maintained against one of his own fleets, and seemed considerably chagrined at the result, the then Lord of the Admiralty endeavoured to qualify and soften down the matter, by assuring the king "that the commander of the enemy's fleet was mad." Mad! would he were mad enough to bite one of my admirals."

Lord Orford had absolutely a phrenetic furor of this kind, in any thing he found himself disposed to undertake: it was a predominant trait in his character, never to do any thing by halves, and coursing was his most prevalent passion beyond every other pleasurable consideration. In consequence of his most extensive property, and his extra influence as Lord Lieutenant of the county, he not only interested numbers of opulent neighbours in the diversion, but, from the extent of his connexions, could command such an immensity of private quarters for his greyhounds, and of making such occasional selections from which, that few, if any, beside himself could possess.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and, as it was a fix-

ed rule never to part from a single whelp till he had fair and substantial trial of his speed, he had evident chances (beyond almost any other individual) of having, amongst so great a number, a collection of very superior dogs : but so intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went still farther in every possible direction to obtain perfection, and introduced every experimental cross from the English lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had strongly indulged an idea of a successful cross with the bull-dog, which he could never be divested of, and after having persevered (in opposition to every opinion) most patiently for seven removes he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds, ever yet known ; giving the small ear, the rat-tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high bred greyhound should possess, retaining which instinctively he would rather die than relinquish chase.

One defect only this cross is admitted to have, which the poacher would rather know to be a truth, than the fair sportsman would come willingly forward to demonstrate. To the former it is a fact pretty well known, that no dog has the sense of smelling in a more exquisite degree than the bull-dog ; and, as they run mute, they, under certain crosses, best answer the midnight purposes of the poacher in driving hares to the wire or net. Greyhounds bred from this cross,

have therefore some tendency to run by the nose, which, if not immediately checked by the master, they will continue for miles, and become very destructive to the game in the neighbourhood where they are kept, if not under confinement or restraint.

In a short space of time after Lord Orford's decease, his greyhounds (with various other sporting apurtenances) came under the hammer of the auctioneer. Colonel Thornton of Yorkshire, who had passed much of his early life with Lord Orford, and had been an active associate with him in his hawking establishments, was the purchaser of *Czarina*, *Jupiter*, and some of the best of his dogs, giving from thirty to fifty guineas each. It was by this circumstance the select blood of the Norfolk dogs was transferred to Yorkshire, and thence a fair trial was obtained how the fleetest greyhounds that had ever been seen on the sands of Norfolk could run over the Wolds of Yorkshire.

Old *Jupiter*, when produced by Col. Thornton in that country presented to the eye of either the sportsman or the painter, as gallant and true a picture of the perfect greyhound as ever was submitted to judicious inspection. He was a dog of great size, with a very long and taper head, deep in the chest, strong in the loins, with a skin exceedingly soft and pliable, ears small, and a tail as fine as whip-cord. From this uniformity of make and shape, a cross was much sought after by

members of the different coursing meetings in the northern districts ; and it was universally admitted that the breed in Yorkshire was considerably improved by the Norfolk acquisition.

Notwithstanding these dogs were among the best Lord Orford had ever bred from his experimental crosses, and were the boast of the greatest coursers the south of England ever knew ; yet when they came to be started against the hares of the High Wolds, they did not altogether support the character they had previously obtained. This was more particularly demonstrated when the hares turned short on the hill sides, where the greyhounds, unable to stop themselves, frequently rolled like barrels from the top to the bottom, while the hare went away at her leisure, and heard no more of them ; it was, however, unanimously agreed by all the sportsmen present, that they ran with a great deal of energetic exertion, and always at the hare ; that though beaten, they did not give it in, or exhibit any symptoms of lurching, or waiting to kill.

In the low flat countries below the Wolds they were more successful ; such gentlemen, therefore, as had been witnesses of the Norfolk, as well as the Berkshire coursing, and saw how the best dogs of the south were beaten by the Wold hares, were led to observe, and afterwards to acknowledge the superiority of the Wold coursing, and the strength of the hares there. By those who have never seen it, this has been much doubted ;

the good sportsmen of the south, each partial to his own country (from a strong small enclosure to an open marsh pasture,) deny this totally, and many invitations have passed from them to the sporting gentlemen of Yorkshire, to have a mid-way meeting of greyhounds from the respective counties.

To have capital coursing, a good dog is only one part of the business ; it is not only necessary to have a good hare also, but a country where nothing but speed and power to continue it can save her, over the high wolds of Stackton Flixton, and Sherborne in Yorkshire, where hares are frequently found three or four miles from any covert or enclosure whatever ; the ground the finest that can possibly be conceived, consisting chiefly of sheep-walk, including every diversity of hill, plain, and valley by which the speed and strength of a dog can be fairly brought to the test ; it will not require many words to convince the real sportsman, that such courses have been seen there, as no other part of the kingdom in its present enclosed state can possibly offer, and these necessarily require a dog to be in that high training, for which in coursing of much less severity there cannot be equal occasion. But the day is fast approaching when coursing of such description will no more be seen ; in a very few years these wolds will be surrounded, and, variously intersected with fences, and thus equalized with other

countries : the husbandman (who will then have his day of triumph over the sportsman) may justly and exultingly exclaim,

Seges est, ubi Troja fuit !

The man who in any way challenges the whole world should recollect—the world is a wide place. Lord Orford once tried the experiment, and the challenge thus confidently made was as confidently taken up by the present Duke of Queensberry (then Lord March,) who had not a greyhound belonging to him in the world. Money will do much ; with indefatigable exertion it will do more ; and it is a circumstance well known in the sporting world, that upon particular occasions, some of the best pointers ever seen have emerged from cellars in the metropolis, who it might be imagined had never seen a bird in the field. The duke in this instance applied to that well known character, old Mr. Elwes, who recommended him to another elderly sportsman of Berkshire, (Captain Hatt,) a courser of no small celebrity, who produced a greyhound, that in a common country, beat Lord Orford's Phenomenon.

This same kind of challenge was some few years since given for Snowball, and was the only challenge of similar import, that had not been accepted ; but it is requisite, at the same time, to remark, that the match was restricted to be run only in such places where a fair and decisive trial could be obtained. Those who have seen

great matches decided by short courses, and bad hares (where chance frequently intervenes,) must know that such trials are uncertain and deceptive, and that the real superiority of either dog may still remain unknown when the match is over. Perhaps, even in the best country, should the contest be for a large sum, and between two greyhounds of equal celebrity, the most equitable mode of ascertaining the merit of each, would be to run three courses, and adjudge the prize to the winner of the main of the three, it being very unlikely, that in three courses, ran to an open country, the superiority of one greyhound over the other should not be evidently perceived.

The excellence of Snowball, whose breed was Yorkshire on the side of the dam, and Norfolk on that of the sire, was acknowledged by the great number who had seen him run, and, perhaps, taken "for all in all," he was the best greyhound that ever ran in England. All countries were nearly alike to him, though bred where fences seldom occur; yet, when taken into the strongest enclosures, he topped hedges of any height, and in that respect equalled, if not surpassed, every dog in his own country. They who did not think his speed so superior; all allowed, that for wind, and for powers in running up long hills without being distressed, they had never seen his equal.

On a public coursing day given to the town-

ship of Flixton, the continuance of his speed was once reduced to a certainty by the known distance, as well as the difficulty of the ground. From the bottom of Flixton Brow, where the village stands, to the top of the hill, where the wold begins, is a measured mile, and very steep in ascent the whole of the way. A hare was found midway, and there was started with Snowball, a sister of his, given to the Rev. Mr. Minithorpe, and a young dog about twelve months old, of another breed. The hare came immediately up the hill, and after repeated turns upon the wold, took down the hill again; but finding that in the sandy bottom she was less a match for the dogs, she returned, and in the middle of the hill the whelp gave in, Snowball and his sister being left with the hare: reaching the wold a second time, she was turned at least fifty times, where, forcibly feeling the certainty of approaching death, she again went down the hill, in descending which the bitch dropped, and by immediate bleeding was recovered.—Snowball afterwards ran the hare into the village, where he killed her.

The length of this course, by the ascertained distance, was full four miles, without adverting to the turns, which must have increased it; this, with a hill a mile high, twice ascended, are most indubitable proofs of continuance which few dogs could have given, and which few but Flixton hares could have required. The people of

Flixton talk of it to this day, and accustomed as they are to courses of the richest description in the annals of sporting, they reckon this amongst the most famous they have seen.

Snowball, Major, his brother, and Sylvia, were perhaps the three best, and most perfect greyhounds ever produced at one litter. They were never beaten.

The shape, make, systematic uniformity, and all the characteristics of high blood were distinguishable in the three : the colour of Major and Sylvia were singularly brindled, that of Snowball a jet black, and when in good running condition, was as fine as black satin. Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted the challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries were brought against him. His descendants have been equally successful. Venus, a brindled bitch ; Blacksmith, who died from extreme exertion in running up a steep hill ; and young Snowball, have beat every dog that was ever brought against them.

For several years Snowball covered at three guineas, and the farmers in that, and the neighbouring districts, have sold crosses from his breed at ten and fifteen guineas each. Major, his brother has displayed his powers before the gentlemen of the south as already described : this, as a public exhibition of the dog to a few sporting amateurs, might be bearable, but could

he have found a tongue, when he beheld himself brought to run a hare out of a box, in the month of March, upon Epsom Downs, amidst whiskies, buggies, and gingerbread carts; well might he have exclaimed,

“To this complexion am I come at last.”

DEEP PLAY.

The late General Ogle was a noble-minded man, a pleasant companion, a sincere friend, and a most indulgent parent. His only failing—which in these fashionable dissipated times the fashionable will not call a fault—was his unconquerable attachment to play.

A few weeks before he was to sail for India, he constantly attended Pain's, in Charles-street, St. James's square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each: and also four thousand guineas in *rouleaus*, which he had won. When the box came to him, he shook the dice, and with great coolness and pleasantry said—“Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand: will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven thousand is the main.” Then, rattling the dice once more, cast the box from him, and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the General did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw,

the rest of the gentlemen did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said—"Well, gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?" One set him 500*l.* another 500*l.*—"Come," says he, "whilst you are making up this money—7000*l.*—I'll tell you a story." Here he began to tell a story that was pertinent to the moment: but perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short—laid his hand upon the box, saying, "I believe I am set, gentlemen?" "Yes sir, seven is the main." He threw out! then, with astonishing coolness, took up his snuff box, and smiling, exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please."

METHOD OF FISHING WITH HOUNDS.

Described by Colonel Thornton.

"In order to describe this mode of fishing," (says the Colonel) "it may be necessary to observe, that I make use of pieces of *cork* of a conical form, and having several of these all differently painted, and named after different hounds, trifling wagers are made on their success, which rather adds to the spirit of the sport.

"The mode of baiting them is, by placing a live bait, which hangs at the end of a line, of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike's striking, two or three yards more may run off, to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used, it will prevent the

sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound ; which being thus pursued in a boat down wind, (which they always take) affords very excellent amusement ; and where pike, or large perch, or even trout are in plenty, before the hunters, if I may so term these fishers, have run down the first pike, others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them.

“ In a fine summer’s evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion, and it is, in fact, the most adapted of any for ladies, whose company gives a *gusto* to all parties.”

It may not be amiss to introduce in this place the following anecdote, in illustration of this mode of fishing, as related by Colonel Thornton in his Sporting Tour to Scotland.

“ After breakfast,” says he, “ we went again to Loch Alva, having got a large quantity of fine trout for bait ; but, for many hours could not obtain a rise. Captain Waller baited the fox-hounds, and as his boat was to be sent forward, I came down to him, having killed a very fine pike of above twenty pounds, the only one I thought we had left in the loch. The captain came on board, and we trolled together, without success, for some time, and, examining the fox-hounds, found no fish at them. At length I discovered one of them which had been missing, though anxiously sought for, from the first time of our coming here ; it was uncommonly well

baited, and I was apprehensive that some pike had run it under a tree, by which means both fish and hound would be lost. On coming nearer, I clearly saw that it was the same one which had been missing, that the line was run off, and, by its continuing fixed in the middle of the lake, I made no doubt but that some monstrous fish was at it. I was desirous that Captain Waller, who had not met with any success that morning, should take it up, which he accordingly did; when, looking below the stern of the boat, I saw a famous fellow, whose weight could not be less than between twenty and thirty pounds. But notwithstanding the great caution the captain observed, before the landing net could be used, he made a shoot, carrying off two yards of cord.

“As soon as we had recovered from the consternation this accident occasioned, I ordered the boat to cruize about for the chance of his taking me again, which I have known frequently to happen with pike, who are wonderfully bold and voracious: on the second trip I saw a very large fish come at me, and collecting my line, I felt I had him fairly hooked; but I feared he had run himself tight round some root, his weight seemed so dead: we rowed up therefore, to the spot, when he soon convinced me he was at liberty, by running me far into the lake, that I had not one inch of line more to give him. The servants, foreseeing the consequences of my si-

tuation, rowed with great expedition towards the fish, which now rose about seventy yards from us, an absolute wonder ! I relied on my tackle, which I knew was in every respect excellent, as I had, in consequence of the large pike killed the day before, put on hooks and gimps, adjusted with great care ; a precaution which would have been thought superfluous in London, as it certainly was for most lakes, though here barely equal to my fish. After playing him for some time, I gave the rod to Captain Waller, that he might have the honour of landing him ; for I thought him quite exhausted, when, to our surprise, we were again constrained to follow the monster nearly across this great lake, having the wind, too, much against us. The whole party were now in high blood, and the delightful Ville de Paris quite manageable ; frequently he flew out of the water to such a height, that though I knew the uncommon strength of my tackle, I dreaded losing such an extraordinary fish, and the anxiety of our little crew was equal to mine. After about an hour and a quarter's play, however, we thought we might safely attempt to land him, which was done in the following manner : Newmarket, a lad so called from the place of his nativity, who had now come to assist, I ordered, with another servant, to strip and wade in as far as possible ; which they readily did. In the mean time I took the landing-net, while Captain Waller, ju-

ditionally ascending the hill above, drew him gently towards us. He approached the shore very quietly, and we thought him quite safe, when seeing himself surrounded by his enemies, he in an instant made a last desperate effort, shot into the deep again, and, in the exertion threw one of the men on his back. His immense size was now very apparent: we proceeded with all due caution, and being once more drawn towards land, I tried to get his head into the net, upon effecting which, the servants were ordered to seize his tail, and slide him on shore: I took all imaginable pains to accomplish this, but in vain, and began to think myself strangely awkward, when, at length having got his snout in, I discovered that the hoop of the net, though adapted to a very large pike, would admit no more than that part. He was, however, completely spent, and in a few moments we landed him, a perfect monster! He was stabbed by my directions in the spinal marrow, with a large knife, which appeared to be the most humane manner of killing him, and I then ordered all the signals with the sky-scrapers to be hoisted: and the whoop re-echoed through the whole range of the Grampians. On opening the jaws to endeavour to take the hooks from him, which were both fast in his gorge, so dreadful a forest of teeth, or tushes, I think I never beheld: if I had not had a double link of gimp, with two swivels, the depth between his stomach and mouth would

have made the former quite useless. His measurement, accurately taken, was five feet four inches, from eye to fork.

OWEN CARROL,

The celebrated Irish Huntsman.

This man died some time since at Duffry Hall, the seat of Cæsar Colclough, Esq. at the advanced age of 96 ; near 60 years of which he passed in the Colclough family. Being originally a farmer, he had such an inclination for hunting, that he always kept a horse of his own, and hunted with the hounds of Col. Colclough for many years ; but when the late Adam Colclough set up a pack of his hounds at first for his amusement, but as he lived at too great a distance to be always regular, Mr. C. gave him a farm near him, and he acted in the triple capacity of huntsman, steward, and master of the family. During the rebellion, in 1798, he and his family acted with uncommon fidelity to their employers ; as one of his sons, when Mr. C. was obliged to fly, came down and remained to protect the house and property ; and he never quit- ted his post. Another of his sons brought off horses and clothes to his master, at the risk of his life, when he was informed where to find him : and during that period the old man buried a large portion of the family plate, which he afterwards conveyed to a place of safety. Until the last year of his life, he regularly went out with the

hounds, and his voice retained its clearness and sweetness; he was well known to all sportsmen in that part of Ireland. Mr. Kelly, the late judge, about his own age, some time since, spent a day at Duffry Hall, to see and hunt with him. At one period, his and his horse's age amounted to 106 years, and yet neither could be beat. As the custom in Ireland is to attend funerals, for 70 years he never missed one within many miles.

THE LAMENTATION OF A WIDOWED FLEA.

Flow, flow my tears—my nimble love's no more :
 Dear lost companion ! Cursed be the hand,
 Thy hand, O ! ruthless Molly, that did gripe
 His agile body, 'tween thy greasy thumb
 And coarse red finger, squeezing out his life.
 Thou wast a flea indeed ! a lovely flea !
 How nimble was thy pace ; thy slender legs
 How finely shaped ! brighter thy polish'd coat,
 Than varnish'd bed-post, or the curtains glaze.
 And then thy getty eyes, through which shone clear
 The hero's fire ! oh, my lost murder'd love !
 'Twas those bright orbs that won my tender heart
 And lur'd my virgin honours to thy arms.
 O busy memory ! wherefore wilt thou crowd
 Upon my grief-swoln mind, the happy days
 My spruce young spouse and I united spent ?
 Full well the joyous night I recollect,
 When, after many a day of courtship sweet,
 He led me, pleas'd, a blushing, trembling bride,
 To where the shady bristling covert grows,
 Snug in the arm-pit of a dozing priest,
 Whose nasal pipings were our marriage mirth.
 O ! thine was love indeed ! how oft hast thou
 Leap'd nimbly this fat vicar's body round
 To seek a vein for me thy petted one,

Through which the finest purple current flow'd,
 Then led me, nothing loth, to taste its sweets.
 And many a time, when as the sleeper wak'd,
 Feeling proboscis shape, the surly brute
 Has tried to seize me in the act, hast thou
 Dexterously prick'd him in another part,
 Dividing his attention, while I scap'd.
 Well could I number over other proofs
 Of conjugal fidelity and love;
 Could tell how oft, when frisky, wanton fleas
 Leer'd softly on thee invitation, thou,
 Faithful and fond remained'st to me, and still
 Had'st liv'd so—but that last sad fatal morn,
 O! how shall I the doleful tidings tell!
 My dearest spouse was showing to a bug,
 Th' old fat bug that lives i' th' blanket folds,
 His newest gambols, and his latest leaps,
 When cruel Molly down the bed clothes turn'd,
 And saw my hero in his gambols gay;
 Quickly she seized him in her cruel gripe,
 His kicking all was vain; she pinched him hard,
 And then she whelm'd him in the briny wave!
 He sunk to night and left me here to mourn!

SPORTING SONGS.*

THE JOLLY FALCONER.

Heigho! heigho! the morning is up,
 And the gallant Falconer's abroad;
 We've each of us had a stirrupping cup,
 And of game we'll bring home a load—
 Uncouple the spaniels, and let the dogs try,
 See the partridge there on the wing;
 Quick, quick! jolly Falconer, let the hawks fly,
 'Tis a pleasure fit for a king.
 Then mark the swift hawk, see him now make his stoop,
 Ah! down goes the game! call him in then, la leup! la leup!

* Selected from an elegantly printed small pocket volume, entitled "Songs of the Chase;" published by Sherwood, Neely and Jones, price 9s. with two fine engravings, &c. by Scott.

Barons of old, and princes so high,
 Loved hawking as their lives:
 The health of the field, and the Falconer's cry,
 Drown'd even the pipes of their wives:
 Our hawks they are a gallantic show,
 With rings and feathers so fine;
 The Falconer laughs at sports below,
 And cries "the air is mine!"
 What sportsman to joys then inferior would stoop,
 When the summit of sporting is hawking! la leup! la leup!

THE ANGLER.

Oh, the jolly angler's life, it is the best of any,
 It is a fancy void of strife, and belov'd by many.
 It is no crime, at any time, but a harmless pleasure;
 It is a bliss of lawfulness, it is a joy, not a toy,
 It is a skill that breeds no ill, it is sweet and complete
 Adoration to the mind, it's witty, pretty, decent,
 Pleasant pastime we shall sweetly find,
 If the weather proves but kind, we'll enjoy our leisure;

In the morning up we rise, soon as day light's peeping,
 Take a cup to cheer the heart, leave the sluggard sleeping.
 Forth we walk, and merry talk, to some pleasant river,
 Near the Thames, silver streams, there we stand, rod in hand,
 Fixing right, for a bite, all the time the fish allure,
 Come leaping, skipping, bobbing, biting,
 Dangling at our hooks secure;
 With this pastime sweet and pure, we could fish for ever

As we walk the meadows green, where the fragrant air is,
 Where the object's to be seen, Oh, what pleasure there is;
 Birds to sing, flowers spring, full of delectation,
 Whistling breeze runs thro' the trees, there we meet meadows
 sweet,

Flowers find to our mind, it is a scene of sweet content,
 From the sweet refreshing bowers,
 Living, giving, easing, pleasing, vital powers,
 Exhaled from those herbs and flowers
 Raised by the falling showers, for man's recreation,

Taro' the shady forest, where the horn is sounding,
 Hound and huntsman roving, there is sport abounding ;
 A hideous noise, is all their joys, not to be admired,
 While we fish, to gain a dish, with our hook in the brook,
 Watch our float, spare our throat
 While they are smelting to and fro ;
 Tantivee, tantivee, the horn does loudly blow,
 Hounds and huntsmen all a row, with their pastime fired.

We have gentles in our horns, we have worms and paste too,
 Great coats we have, to stand a storm, baskets at our waists
 too ;

We have line, choice of twine, fitting for our angle,
 If it's so, away we go, seeking out carp or trout,
 Eel or pike, or the like, dace or bleak, what we lack,
 Barbel, jack, or any more,
 Gudgeons, roaches, perches, tenches, here's the jolly angler's
 store,

We have choice of fish galore, we will have our angling.

If the sun's excessive heat should our bodies swelter,
 To bush or hedge we'll retreat for a friendly shelter ;
 If we spy a shower nigh, or the day uncertain,
 Then we flee beneath a tree, there we eat victuals sweet ;
 Take a coge, smoke and foge,
 If we can no longer stay,
 We go laughing, joking, quaffing, smoking,
 So delightful all the way,
 Thus we conclude the day, with a cup at parting.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.*

See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
 What confusion—but hear ! I'll bet you, sir—done, done !
 Ten thousand strange rumours resound far and near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockey's assail the tir'd ear ;
 While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head touching his breast,

* On the publication of this song, it was so much admired
 in the *Sporting World*, that it is said the late Mr. Charles
 Dibdin cleared upwards of 2000*l.* by it.

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate;
The High-mettled Racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way;
While alike born for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come thro' a stanch and fleet horse.
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The High-mettled Racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood;
Whilst knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire gained that race;
And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door;
Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The High-mettled Racer is a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late.
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still;
And now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew;
Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The High-mettled Racer is sold for the hounds.

FOX HUNTING.

Scarce the hounds were in cover when off Reynard flew,
Not a sportsman who view'd him a syllable spoke;
The dogs remain'd threading the thorny brake through,
But at length in a *burst*, from a deep thicket broke.

The fox knew his country, and made all the play,
Whilst many a stubble and meadow were cross'd;
O'er valleys and woodlands he kept on his way,
When, lo! with the pack at his brush—he was lost.

To a church-yard they rattled—there came to a check—
The huntsmen grew furious, and halloo'd "Hark! back!"

On the hounds all his vengeance he swore he would reek;
And be curs'd from his soul—"such a riotous pack!"

"Twice before Reynard 'scap'd them in this sport, or near—
"And now 'mongst the tombs in disorder they spread!"
Still the huntsman was certain no Fox would stop there,
As "None took to an *earth* in that place but the *dead*!"

The Doctor—whose patients, reposing at rest,
Fill'd one half the graves—nay, perhaps twice that number,
For he, of physicians, was one of the best,
His sleeping draughts always ensur'd a sound *slumber*.

He, the Doctor, rode up, while the hounds were all riot,
And archly exclaimed, as his eye the graves ran o'er—
"I warn you all off, let the dead rest in quiet—
"This is sporting, my friends, without leave on my *manor*!"

While many a *cast* at a distance was made,
Old *Gaylass*, alone of the pack, kept aloof,
Near the wall of the chancel unteasing she bay'd:
Where a close clinging ivy spread high to the roof.

"Reynard's here," all proclaimed, "that's as certain as fate,
"In the belfry perhaps!—leaving us in the lurch;
"There's one Fox we know, who'd be head of the State,
"But this spark aspires to the top of the Church."

That Reynard had harbour'd before in that place,
Seem'd to mark the Lord's house not too strictly frequented;

That the people were not overburthened with grace,
And their souls, without sermons or psalms, were contented.

In respect to the Fox, at a moment so pressing,
He might think, that although he had drawn many there;
Yet some might have thronged to the church for a blessing,
And has followed the parson for the sake of a prayer.

No matter—a Sportsman who led in the chase,
Climb'd the buttress, resolved a close search to bestow;
And tracking the Fox to his sly lurking place—
With the *vieu halloo*! cheer'd his companions below.

Three couple of hounds, fam'd for many a feat,
 Soon were lifted aloft—these of courage well tried;
 Scrambled up to the Fox in his final retreat,
 Where o'erpowered by numbers he gallantly died!

Poor Reynard! this legend records thy fate *hard*,—
 No praise to the vigorous deed can I give:
 Thy *sanctuary* should have commanded regard;
 And thou, for its sake, been permitted to live!*

* In the year 1785, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley's fox-hounds, that hunted the Dengey, Hundred Country, in Essex, had frequently a drag on the banks of the Crouch river, without finding their fox. One morning as they were drawing the remote churchyard of Crickseth, overgrown with thick blackthorn bushes, a labouring man called out to the huntsman, "*You are too late to find Reynard at home, he crept off when he found the hounds challenge, about a quarter of an hour ago!*" Although, in consequence of this information, the hounds chopped in different spots for some miles, and a fall of sleet prevented their hunting up to their fox for that day, but, about a fortnight afterwards, he was found in an adjoining copse, and after a very sharp run of more than two hours, he shaped his course to his favourite churchyard. Upon the hounds being there at a check, a bitch named Gaylass, raised herself against an old buttress of the church, and gave tongue; on which the master of the pack, declaring his confidence in the stanchness of this favourite hound, dismounted; and, with another of the gentlemen, ascended the broken buttress up to the low roof of the church, which was thickly covered with ivy, wherein they found five or six fresh kennels. While viewing these extraordinary retreats, some of the sportsmen below assisted the eager spirit of the hounds, by lifting them up to the buttress, when three or four couple were in an instant, *in full cry* on the chancel roof, and there after a short contest, this *extraordinary fox* was compelled to surrender his life without *benefit of Clergy!*

THE PLEASURE OF THE CHASE.

*As sung by Mr. Porch, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, with
great applause.*

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,
Proclaim a hunting morning,
Before the sun rises, we nimbly fly
Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.
To horse, my boys, to horse, away,
The chase admits of no delay;
On horseback we've got, together we'll trot :
On horseback, &c.

Leave off your chat, see the cover appear ;
The hound that strikes first, cheer him without fear ;
Drag on him ! ah, wind him, my steady good hounds ;
Drag on him ! ah, wind him, the cover resounds.

How complete the cover and furze they draw !
Who talks of Barry, or Meynell ?

Young Lasher he flourishes now thro' the shaw,
And Sauce-box roars out in his kennel :

Away we fly, as quick as thought ;

The new-sown ground soon makes them fault ;

Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast round !

Try back the deep lane, try back, try back,

Hark ! I hear some hound challenge in yonder spring
sedge ;

Comfort bitch hits it there, in that old thick hedge.

Hark forward ! hark forward ! have at him my boys,

Hark forward ! hark forward ! Zounds, don't make a noise.

A stormy sky, o'ercharg'd with rain,

Both hounds and huntsmen opposes ;

In vain on your mettle you try, boys, in vain,

But down, you must, to your noses.

Each moment now, the sky grows worse,

Enough to make a parson curse :

Pick through the plow'd ground, pick thro', pick thro',

Well hunted good hounds, well hunted, well hunted,

If we can but get on we shall soon make him quake ;

Hark ! I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of the
brake.

Tallio! tallio, there! across the green plain!
Tallio! tallio, boys! have at him again!

Thus we ride whip and spur, for a two hours' chase,
Our horses go panting and sobbing,
Young Madcap and Riot begin now to race,
Ride on, Sir, and give him some mobbing.
But, hold—alas! you'll spoil our sport,
For tho' the hound you'll head him short.
Clap round him, dear Jack, clap round, clap round!
Hark Drummer, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, back.
He's jumping and dangling in every bush;
Little Riot has fastened his teeth in his brush!
Who-hoop, who-hoop he's fairly run down!
Who-hoop, &c.

HUNTING THE HARE.

Songs and sonnets, and rustical roundelays,
Forms of fancies are whistled on reeds,
Songs to solace young nymphs upon holidays
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds;
Phoebus ingenious
With witty Silenus,
His haughty genius taught to declare;
In words nicely coin'd,
And verse better join'd,
How stars divine lov'd hunting the hare.

Stars enamour'd with pastimes Olympical,
Stars and planets that beautifully shone,
Would no longer endure, that mortal man only
Should swim in pleasure, while they but look on;
Round about horned
Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed, how minded they were,
Each god and goddess,
To take human bodies,
As lords, and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proserpina sate in her dlace,

Which guides the welkin and governs the ocean,
 While she conducted her nephews in chase;
 Till by her example
 Their father to trample
 The earth old and ample leave they the air;
 Neptune the water,
 And wine Liber Pater,
 And Mars the slaughter to follow the hare.

Young God Cupid mounted on Pegassus,
 Beloved by nymphs, with kisses and praise,
 Strong Alcides upon cloudy Caucasas,
 Mounted a Centaur, which proudly him bare;
 Postillion of the sky,
 Swift-footed Mercury,
 Makes his courser fly, fleet as the air;
 Tuneful Apollo
 The kennel doth follow,
 With whip and hollow after the hare.

Young Amintas thought the Gods came to breathe,
 After their battle themselves on the ground,
 Thirsis did think the Gods came here to dwell beneath,
 And that hereafter the world would go round,
 Corydon aged,
 With Phillis engaged,
 Was much enraged with jealous despair,
 But fury was faded,
 And he was persuaded,
 When he found they applauded hunting the hare.

Stars but shadows were, joys were but sorrows,
 They without motion these wanting delight;
 Joys are jovial, delights are the marrows
 Of life and motion, the axle of might.
 Pleasure depends
 Upon no other friends,
 But still freely lends to each virtue a share;
 Alone is pleasure
 The measure of treasure,
 Of pleasure, the treasure in hunting the hare.

Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
 Roused by Echo new manhood did take;
 And snoring Somnus up-started from Cimmeris,
 The which this thousand year was not awake.

To see club-footed
 Old Mulcibes booted,
 And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare,
 Proud Pallas pouted,
 And Æolus shouted,
 And Momus flouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Hymen ushers the Lady Astrea,
 The jest takes hold of Minerva the bold
 Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea,
 With Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold.
 Shame-faced Aurora,
 With witty Pandora,
 And Maia with Flora did company bear;
 But Juno was stated
 Too high to be mated,
 Although she hated not hunting the hare.

Three broad bowls to the olympical rector,
 The Troy-born boy presents on his knee,
 Jove to Phoebus carouses his nectar,
 And Phoebus to Hermes, and Hermes to me
 Wherewith infused
 I piped and mused,
 In language unused, their sports to declare,
 Till the house of Jove,
 Like the spheres round do move,
 Health to all those that love hunting the hare.

ARCHERY; OR SHOOTING WITH THE LONG BOW.

By Mr. WARING.

There never was a *mistaken* notion more prevalent than that the Bow is too simple to require any study; but, simple as it may appear, it will be found that without a theoretical knowledge

the practical part can never be obtained, and so many inconveniences arise to a person attempting one without having acquired the other, that he soon grows disgusted because not able to overcome a few difficulties; it is these difficulties that the Author wishes to remove by pointing out to the learner a proper method to pursue, for many thinking it too insignificant, as not worthy a moment's study, adopt what their own ideas suggest, and by that fall into such bad habits as to break bow after bow till at last they get disheartened from pursuing the amusement any further, and lay it aside altogether as appearing to them trifling and childish, and in the end expensive. How any one could ever think the amusement of the long bow as childish can only be from the recollection that it was once his juvenile recreation, and supposing no greater feats can be performed by a manly weapon, than was done by a boyish plaything; but supposing his contempt of the bow is founded upon that idea alone, it cannot justify him for the slur he throws upon all the lovers of archery, and those not a few; for travel into any part of the globe and he will discover that it is, or has been the amusement of the nobles and sovereigns of every nation, and is the general amusement of many eastern countries to this day. But the bow need not travel out of this kingdom to obtain honours, for it has received sufficient to stamp its fame

both as an instrument of war and amusement in its native soil ; but at present it must be confessed that the inhabitants of Turkey, Persia, and of various other countries, far excel the best English archers, and the reason is obvious, "want of practice," and a few examples of feats and achievements ; a novice witnessing the performance of an unskilful archer wonders how a man can amuse himself with what he remembers was only looked upon at school as a toy, but when he beholds the shooting of an expert archer, and is shown the strength and powers of the bow, his wonder changes to the opposite side, and he admires with delight what he before treated with contempt.

As the use of arms is universally allowed to be an honourable profession, why should not the pursuit of an amusement founded upon that warlike weapon preceded by the present be deemed likewise honourable ? and when it is recollected that the deeds achieved by our forefathers, which secured to England its present constitution, were with the bow, it cannot be denied, but that it is the noblest amusement, and in its admirers seeming to draw forth a tribute of gratitude for past services too worthy to be buried in oblivion. Be this as it will, it was in former times thought of such importance as to become the object of the legislature's care, many acts of parliament having at various periods passed in support of it, long after it was laid aside as a wea-

pon of war, and which even went so far as to compel every man, except the clergy and the judges, to practise shooting, and to have continually in his possession a bow and at least three arrows; the City of London was obliged to erect butts and to keep them in repair; and when after a lapse of a few years archery began to decline, and shooting to be discontinued, the bow-makers petitioned Queen Elizabeth for authority to put the acts of Henry VIIIth in force, by which they obliged every man who had not a bow and three arrows in his possession to provide himself accordingly; if the bow-makers of the present age could again enforce the act, they might raise a sum that would go nigh to pay the debt of the nation.

Archery was so much approved of as a bodily exercise by Bishop Latimer, that he even preached a sermon in favour of it before Edward VIth. After the restoration, archery became again the general amusement; Charles II. himself took such delight in it, that he even knighted a man for excelling an excellent shot,* whose portrait is in the possession of the Toxophilite Society. After the death of Charles it again began to decline, and was confined in practice to a few counties only, till about thirty year ago, when it was revived with increased splendour throughout every part of England, as will appear by the number of Societies that were instituted, many of which exist

* Sir William Wood.

and continue their yearly and monthly meetings to this day.

As an amusement archery has these advantage over all others as a field diversion, which is not only approved of by our ablest physicians, but strongly recommended by them as being the most healthy exercise a man can pursue, strengthening and bracing the bodily frame without that laborious exertion common to many games, every nerve and sinew being regularly brought into play, without the danger of being exposed to those alternate heats and colds incident to many diversions, as in cricket, tennis, &c.

On Sir William Wood's tombstone were these two lines :

Long did he live the honour of the bow,
And his long life to that alone did owe.

Archery is an amusement which steals (if it may be so expressed) upon a man's affections, and often makes him perform more than he thinks is in his power: for many an archer who would not undertake to walk five miles in a journey, has walked six at the targets; for in shooting forty-eight times up to one target, and forty-eight times back again to the other, (the number of rounds the Toxophilite Society shoot on grand days,) besides walking to the arrows shot beyond the targets, which, upon a reasonable calculation, may be reckoned five yards each time, and that five back again, makes nine-

ty-six times one hundred and ten yards, which is exactly six miles. Another advantage attending the amusement of archery is, that it is equally open to the fair sex, and has for these last thirty years been the favourite recreation of a great part of the female nobility, the only field diversion they can enjoy without incurring the censure of being thought masculine. It will be needless to enumerate the many advantages received in pursuing this amusement : those who have tried, do not require any further encomium in support of it, than what their own experience has already convinced them of.

Madamé Bola, formerly a famous opera dancer, upon being taught the use of the bow, declared that, of all attitudes she ever studied, (and surely some little deference of opinion ought to be paid to one whose whole life was spent in studying attitudes) she thought the position of shooting with the long bow was the most noble ; certain it is, that the figure of a man cannot be displayed to greater advantage, than when drawing the bow at an elevation : every archer ought to study well this part of archery.

It will be observed that every bow has generally a number immediately over the handle, which is the number of pounds it takes to draw the bow down to the length of an arrow.

The way this is ascertained is thus—the bow, being strung, is placed horizontally on a ledge ; a scale is hooked on the string, in which weights

are put, and that quantity which bears the string down till it is the length of an arrow from the bow, is its weight. Thus a man, according to the bow he can pull may judge of his own strength. Fifty-four pounds is the standard weight of a bow, and he who can draw one of sixty with ease, as his regular shooting bow, may reckon himself a strong man; though a great many archers can draw one of seventy and eighty pounds, and some ninety, but they are very few.

Ladies' bows are from twenty-four pounds to thirty four.

The Cross-bow.—This can hardly be said to come under the head of archery; but those who used them in former times in battle, were always styled archers, or cross-bow men, and indeed they might be called so with more propriety than those who use them now, for those archers discharged arrows from their bows; the present ones shoot only bullets. Whatever might have been its powers as a weapon of war, it is now, like the long bow, reduced to an instrument of amusement; and that amusement is chiefly confined, and for which it is well adapted, to shooting rooks, hares, rabbits, and game in general.

The modern cross-bow for that purpose possesses one great advantage over the fowling piece, which is, that, in the discharge, it is free from any loud noise; for a person when shooting with a fowling piece in a rookery or warren,

is sure to alarm the whole fraternity by the report of the first fire, which makes it a considerable time before he can get a second, but a cross-bow has only a slight twang in the loose.

It likewise possesses an advantage equal with the rifle, the arm being guided by the position of a small moveable bead, and which can be placed to such an exactness as to bring down at ninety or one hundred and twenty feet, to a certainty, the object aimed at.

SPORTING SKETCH OF JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

This eccentric gentleman, at one period of his life, was a distinguished sportsman, but generally denominated a *miser*, and was born in the parish of St. James, Westminster. His family name was Meggot: and his father was an eminent brewer in Southwark: he received his education at Westminster school, where he paid the greatest attention to his studies, and made vast progress: but singular as it may appear, after he left the seminary, he hardly ever read any book. From Westminster, he went to Geneva, where he laid the foundation of those sports for which he professed so much partiality to the day of his death: his contemporaries were Mr. Worsley, and Sir Sidney Meadows, which three were reckoned the best horseman in Europe: it was here he was introduced to Voltaire. On his return to England, he found it his interest to increase the acquaintance of his uncle Sir Harvey

Elwes, who was an astonishing and real instance of a *miser*. On his uncle's death, he became possessed of his great wealth, and agreeably to his will, assumed the name of Elwes.

Mr. Elwes had now advanced beyond the fortieth year of his age; and for fifteen years previous to this period it was that he was known in all the fashionable circles of London. He had always a turn for play; and it was only late in life, and from paying always, and not always being paid, that he conceived disgust at the inclination.

The acquaintances which he had formed at Westminster school, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conspired to introduce him into whatever society he liked best. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and various other clubs at that period. Few men, even from his own acknowledgement, had played deeper than himself and with success more various. He once played two days and a night without intermission; and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. He lost some thousands at the sitting.

Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been richer by some thousands, for the mode in which he passed this part of his life; but the vowels I, O, U, were then in use; and the sums that were owing him, even by very noble names, were not liquidated. The theory

which he professed, "that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money," he perfectly confirmed by the practice; and he never violated this peculiar feeling to the last hour.

His manners were so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude break their observance. He had the most gallant disregard for his own person, and all care about himself.

After sitting up a whole night at play, for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sophas, wax lights, and servants attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield! to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon-Hall, a farm of his, in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcase-butcher for a shilling. Sometimes he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up all night.

Mr. Elwes, on the death of his uncle, came to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found here, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which the

late Colonel Timms, his nephew, used to mention the following proof.—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping through the ceiling upon the bed. He got up, and moved the bed; but he had not lain long, before he found the same inconvenience continued. He got up again, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he retired in a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened. “Aye! aye!” said the old man, seriously; “I don’t mind it myself. but to those who do, that’s a nice corner in the rain.”

Lord Abington, who was slightly known to Mr. Elwes in Berkshire, had made a match for seven thousand pounds, which, it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked, unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the fate of it. They were to go, as was his custom, on horseback, and were to set out at seven in the morning. Imagining they were to

breakfast at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreshment, and away they went. They reached Newmarket about eleven, and Mr. Elwes began to busy himself in inquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abington. He then thought they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast; but old Elwes still continued riding about till three; and then four arrived. At which time the gentleman grew so impatient, that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes; "very true." So, here, do as I do;—offering him at the same time, from his great coat pocket, a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new.

The sequel of the story was, that they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was so tired, that he gave up all refreshment but rest; and old Elwes, having hazarded seven thousand pounds in the morning, went happily to bed, with the reflection that he had saved three shillings.

When this inordinate passion for saving did not interfere, there are upon record some kind offices, and very active services, undertaken by Mr. Elwes. He would go far and long to serve those who applied to him; and give—however strange the word from him—himself great trou-

ble to be of use. These instances are gratifying to select ; it is plucking the sweet-briar and the rose from the weeds that overspread the garden.

When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had for some neglect incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "excommunication !" The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church and penance ; and their ideas immediately ran upon a white sheet. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was over with them ; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done. He had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding sixty miles in the night to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thousand would have done ; but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never wanted alacrity.

The ladies were so overjoyed, so thankful, so much trouble and expense, what return could they make? an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who new Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote thus to them by way of consolation; "My dears, is it expense you are talking of? send him twopence, and he then gains sixpence by the journey."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes whenever he went to London, to occupy any of his premises which might happen to be then vacant. He travelled in this manner from street to street; and whenever any body chose to take the house where he was, he was instantly ready to move into any other. He was frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging; and though master of above an hundred houses, he never wished to rest his head long in any he chose to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprized all his furniture; and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these movables, the old woman was the only one which gave him trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness, that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose.

Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of his houses that were empty. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, by some accident, was informed his uncle was in London; but then how to

find him was the difficulty. He inquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of. He went to Mr. Hoare's, his banker; to the Mount Coffee-house; but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterward, however, he learnt, from a person whom he met accidentally, that he had seen Mr. Elwes going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street.

Of course, Colonel Timms went to the house, he knocked very loudly at the door; but no one answered. Some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man; but no answer could be obtained from the house. The Colonel, on this resolved to have the stable-door opened; which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower parts of it, all was shut and silent; but, on ascending the staircase, they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there upon an old pallet-bed, lay stretched out, seemingly in the agonies of death, the figure of old Mr. Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any body was near him; but, on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say, "That he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house; but for some reason or other she had not been near him. That she had been ill herself; but that she had got well, he supposed."

They afterwards found the *old woman*—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—stretched out lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets. She had been dead to all appearance about two days.

Thus died the servant; and thus would have died, but for a providential discovery of him by Colonel Timms, old Mr. Elwes, her master! His mother, Mrs. Meggot, who possessed *one hundred thousand pounds*, starved herself to death: and her son, who certainly was then worth *half a million*, nearly died in his own house for absolute want.

Mr. Elwes, however, was not a hard landlord, and his tenants lived easily under him: but if they wanted any repairs, they were always at liberty to do them for themselves; for what may be styled the comforts of a house were unknown to him. What he allowed not himself, it could scarcely be expected he would give to others.

He had resided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when the contest for Berkshire presented itself on the dissolution of parliament; and when, to preserve the peace of that county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. To this Mr. Elwes consented; but on the special agreement, that he was brought in for nothing. All he did was dining at the ordinary at Abingdon; and

he got into parliament for the moderate sum of *eighteen pence* !

Mr. Elwes was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments ; and he sat as a member of the House of Commons above twelve years. It is to his honour, that, in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himself be an independent country gentleman.

A circumstance happened to him in one of his pedestrian returns, which gave him a whimsical opportunity of displaying a singular disregard of his own person. The night was very dark, and hurrying along, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance ; but Col. Timms, at whose house he then was, in Orchard-street, insisted upon some one being called in. He at length submitted ; and an apothecary in consequence attended, who immediately began to expatiate on the bad consequences of breaking the skin ; the good fortune of his being sent for ; and the peculiar bad appearance of Mr. Elwes's wound. "Very probably," said Mr. Elwes. "But, Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you—in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt ; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement—I will take one leg, and you shall take the other—you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine, and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well be-

fore yours." He exultingly beat the apothecary by a fortnight !

The income of Mr. Elwes, all this time, was increasing hourly, and his present expenditure was next to nothing, for the little pleasures he had once engaged in, he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one old servant, and a couple of horses. He resided with his nephew. His two sons he had stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire, to look after his respective estates: and his dress was certainly no expense to him. When he left London, he went on horseback to his country seats, with his couple of hard eggs, and without once stopping at any house upon the road. He always took the most unfrequented road. But Marcham was the seat now chiefly visited; which had some reason to be flattered with the preference, as his journey into Suffolk cost him only two-pence halfpenny! while that into Berkshire amounted to fourpence.

When this singular character thought he had got into the House of Commons for nothing, he had not taken into the account the inside of the house—the outside only had entered into the calculation. In a short time, therefore, he found out that members of Parliament could want money; and he had the misfortune to know one member who was inclined to lend them. Perhaps Fate ordained this retribution, and designed that thus only, some of the enormous

wealth of Mr. Elwes should escape from his grasp. Be this as it may, there does, however, exist a pile of bad debts, and uncanceled bonds, which, could they be laid on a table of the House of Commons, would strike dumb some orators on both sides of the House. Time, however, at length conquered this passion of lending in Mr. Elwes; and an unfortunate proposal which was made to him, of vesting twenty-five thousand pounds in some iron works in America, gave at last a fatal blow to his various speculations. The plan had been very plausibly laid before him, so that he had not the smallest doubt of its success; however, he had the disappointment never to hear more of his iron or his gold.

At this time one of his maid servants was taken ill of the small-pox; it was thought necessary to send her out of the house, and Mr. Elwes paid eighteen shillings weekly for her lodging, board, and nursing, and took her home after her recovery.

He retired voluntarily from a parliamentary life, and even took no leave of his constituents by an advertisement. But though Mr. Elwes was now no longer a member of the House of Commons, yet, not with the venal herd of expectant placemen and pensioners, whose eyes too often view the House of Commons as another Royal Exchange, did Mr. Elwes retire into private life.

Thus, duly honoured, shall the memory of a good man go to his grave; for, while it may be the painful duty of the biographer to present to the public the follies which may deform a character, but which must be given to render perfect the resemblance, on those beauties which arise from the bad parts of the picture, who shall say it is not a duty to expatiate?

Nearly at the same time that Mr. Elwes lost his seat, he also lost that famous servant "of all work," compared to whom, Scrub was indolence itself. He died as he was following his master upon a hard-trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor, for his yearly wages were not above five pounds; and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified a saying which Mr. Elwes often used, which was this: "If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, your work is half done; but if you keep three, you may do it yourself."

The numerous acts of liberality in Mr. Elwes ought to atone for many of his failings. But, behold the inequalities which so strongly mark this human being! Mr. Spurling, of Dynes Hall, was once requested by Mr. Elwes to accompany him to Newmarket. It was a day in one of the spring meetings which was remarkably filled with races; and they were out from six in the morning till eight o'clock in the even-

ing before they again set out for home. Mr. Elwes, in the usual way, would eat nothing; but Mr. Spurling was somewhat wiser, and went down to Newmarket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on somewhat quicker; but, on going through the turnpike by the Devil's Ditch, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great eagerness. On returning, before he had paid, Mr. Elwes said—"Here, here, follow me—this is the best road!" In an instant he saw Mr. Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horse up the precipice of the ditch. "Sir," said Mr. Spurling, "I can never get up there." "No danger at all," replied old Elwes, "but if your horse be not safe lead him." At length, with great difficulty, and with one of the horses falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not less toil, got down on the other side. When they were safe landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked Heaven for their escape. "Ay," said old Elwes, "you mean from the turnpike; very right, never pay a turnpike if you can avoid it!" In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road, on which Mr. Elwes, notwithstanding the cold, went as slow as possible. On Mr. Spurling wishing to quicken their pace, old Elwes observed, that he was letting his horse feed on some hay that was hanging on the sides

of the hedge. "Besides," added he, "it is nice hay, and you have it for nothing!"

Thus, whilst endangering his neck to save the payment of a turnpike, and starving his horse for a half-penny worth of hay, was he risking the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds on some iron works across the Atlantic Ocean, of which he knew nothing, either as to produce, prospect or situation.

He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at piquet. It was his ill luck, however, one day, to meet with a gentleman at the Mount Coffee-house, who thought the same, and on much better grounds: for, after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with perseverance, he rose the loser of a sum which he endeavoured to conceal—though there is reason to think it was not less than three thousand pounds. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. Thus while, by every art of human mortification, he was saving shillings, sixpences, and even pence, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had gained.

At the close of the spring, 1785, he wished again to visit, which he had not done for some years, his seat at Stoke. But then the journey was a most serious object: the famous old servant was dead: all the horses that remained with him were a couple of old worn-out brood mares;

and he himself was not in that vigour of body in which he could ride sixty or seventy miles on the sustenance of *two boiled eggs*. The mention of a post-chaise would have been a crime.—“He afford a post-chaise, indeed! Where was he to get the money?” would have been his exclamation.

At length he was carried into the country, as he was carried into parliament, free of expense, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as Mr. Elwes. When he reached his seat at Stoke—the seat of more active scenes, of somewhat resembling hospitality, and where his fox hounds had spread somewhat like vivacity around—he remarked “he had expended a great deal of money once very foolishly; but that a man grew wiser by time.”

The rooms of his seat at Stoke, that were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in, but for his son, John Elwes, Esq. he thought too expensively furnished, as worse things might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair, but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glass, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say, “what figure they described.” To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old-green house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn, on the grounds of his own tenants;

and they used to leave a little more than common, to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up any stray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a *crow's nest*, for this purpose. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himself this trouble—"Oh, Sir," replied he, "it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Do but see what waste they make!"

As, in the day, he would not afford himself any fire, he went to bed as soon as day closed, to save candle; and had begun to deny himself even the pleasure of sleeping in sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life—the perfect vanity of wealth.

The lapses of his memory had now become frequent and glaring. All recent occurrences he forgot entirely; and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confusion he made was inexpressible. As an instance of this, the following anecdote may serve. He had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds; and having taken it into his head, during the night, that he had overdrawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walking about his room

with that little feverish irritation that always distinguished him, waited with the utmost impatience till morning came, when, on going to his banker, with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion for his apology, as he happened to have in their hands, at that time, the sum of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds !

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark, amidst all his anxiety about money, that extreme conscientiousness, which was to the honour of his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial manner, he was never easy till he was paid ; and it should be noted, that never was he known on any occasion to fail in what he said. Of the punctuality of his word, he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security ; and he was so particular in every thing of promise that in any appointment or meeting, or the hour of it, he exceeded even military exactness.

Among the generous actions of Mr. Elwes, the following bears a striking feature : when his son was in the Guards, he was frequently in the habit of dining at the officers' table there. The politeness of his manner rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer in the corps. Amongst the rest, was a gentleman of the name of Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial.

A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase; but as money is not always to be got upon landed property immediately, it was imagined that some officer would have been obliged to purchase over his head.—Old Elwes, hearing the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had not then seen Capt. Tempest, but which happened shortly after the money was replaced.

His very singular appetite Mr. Elwes retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles but a fortnight before he died.

The first symptom of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. Frequently he was heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" On any of the family going into his room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and, as if wakening from a troubled dream, again hurry into bed, and seem unconscious of what had happened. At other times, when perfectly awake, he would walk to the spot where he had hid his money, to see if it was safe.

Mr. Elwes, on the 18th of November, 1789, discovered signs of that utter and total weakness, which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was

conveyed to bed—from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone. He had but a faint recollection of any thing about him ; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping “ he had left him what he wished.” On the morning of the 26th of November he expired without a sigh !

Thus died Mr. Elwes, an example of the most extraordinary punctuality, generosity, and nearness in living, that ever existed. It has always been asserted by his biographers, that he was a *Miser* ; but I hope I shall prove, in honour to his memory, that he was not.

MISER.—1. A wretched person, one overwhelmed with calamity. [Sidney.] 2. A wretch, a mean fellow. [Shakspeare.] 3. A wretch, covetous to extremity. [Otway.]

I shall try to prove that Mr. Elwes was neither of the above characters ; and of course not a *miser*.

1. His manners were gentle, attentive, and engaging ; a person possessing these heavenly qualities, can neither be a wretch, nor overwhelmed with calamity ; and consequently not a *Miser*.

2. He passed most of the early part of his life with the “gayest of the gay,” and sat up for nights, and played for thousands ; thereby pourtraying more of the libertine and the spendthrift than the *Miser*.

3. His extreme generosity towards Lord Abingdon, in lending him, unasked, in the time of his greatest need, the sum of 7000 pounds, was the character of the open-hearted Englishman, and not that of a *Miser*.

4. His vast speculations, both in England and abroad,

spoke like the man who wished to improve his country and his countrymen, more than that of a *Miser*.

5. His lending to certain noblemen, and members of the House of Commons, who were in distress, the enormous sum of 150,000 pounds, was not that of a *Miser*.

6. He was a kind landlord, and never distressed any of his tenants for his rent, but feelingly forgave them when he found that, by misfortune, they could not pay: an action worthy of the best of men, and not like that of a *Miser*.

7. His liberality towards Captain Tempest, in lending him a sufficient sum to purchase a majority in the Guards, must always be contemplated by every good man, with pleasure; amply manifesting the feelings of his heart, and generosity of conduct: qualities that do not take possession of the heart of a *Miser*.

8. His bequeathing property to his illegitimate sons in such a way that it was impossible for it to be wrested from them, was a strong instance of paternal Honour—honour which many a croaking, puritanical wretch does not possess; who leaves his offspring unprovided, because it was not born in lawful matrimony! A child who has the misfortune to be so born, I maintain, has a tenfold claim on the protection of its father. The man who lets his little infant starve, because, as the saying is, he was not *lawfully begotten*, is a character too wicked to live. The young, unsuspecting female, who listens to the tale of her seducer, and unfortunately brings to the object of her affection a child—I say the man who would desert that child is a wretch! a monster! a devil! Mr. Elwes nobly provided for his children, and honour steered all his actions. Are these the attributes of a *MISER*?

9. Because he could not expend yearly his immense property, and did not lavish his money on doctors, at inns, and on clothes: because he enjoyed a few eccentricities, is he to be called a *MISER*? We don't see in the course of his long life, one act of oppression; but many of generosity and christian fellow-feeling. If these constitute the character of a miser, it is my earnest prayer that I may die one.

RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

Take a pestle and mortar of moderate size,
Into Queensbury's head put Bunbury's eyes:

Cut Dick Vernon's throat, and save all the blood,
 To answer your purpose, there's none half so good.
 Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient,
 The world cannot furnish a better ingredient;
 From Derby and Bedford, take plenty of spirit,
 Successful or not, they have always that merit—
 Tommy Panton's address, John Wastell's advice,
 And touch of Prometheus, 'tis done in a trice.

PRODIGIOUS LEAP.

On the last day of December, 1801, as Mr. Robinson, and two other gentlemen, were coursing with a brace of greyhounds, in Surrey, between Croydon and Sutton, the dogs so pressed a hare they had put up, that she was forced to leap a precipice of not less than sixty feet deep, into a chalk pit, and was followed by the dogs. Nothing short of death to both hare and greyhounds was expected; but, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, none of them were hurt, nor was the course impeded; as the hare, after getting out of the pit, by a cart road, was followed by the dogs, and though turned several times by them, at length made her escape.

MANNER OF HUNTING THE BEAR IN NORTH AMERICA.

A very curious account of this sport is described by Mr. Pennant as follows:—

“The chase of these animals is a matter of the first importance, and never undertaken without abundance of ceremony. A principal warrior first gives a general invitation to all the

hunters. This is followed by a most serious fast of eight days, a total abstinence from all kinds of food: notwithstanding which, they pass the day in continual song. This they do to invoke the spirits of the woods to direct them to the places where there are abundance of bears. They even cut the flesh in divers parts of their bodies, to render the spirits more propitious.— They also address themselves to the manes of the beasts slain in preceding chases, as if these were to direct them in their dreams to plenty of game. One dreamer alone cannot determine the place of the chase; numbers must concur; but as they tell each other their dreams, they never fail to agree. (This may arise from complaisance, or from a real agreement in their dreams, on account of their thoughts being perpetually turned on the same thing.

“The chief of the hunt now gives a great feast, at which no one dares to appear without first bathing. At this entertainment they eat with great moderation, contrary to their usual custom. The master of the feast alone touches nothing; but is employed in relating to the guests ancient tales of the wonderful feats in former chases; and fresh invocations to the manes of the deceased bears conclude the whole.

“They then sally forth amidst the acclamations of the village, equipped as if for war, and painted black. Every able hunter is on a level with a great warrior; but he must have killed

his dozen great beasts before his character is established ; after which his alliance is as much courted as that of the most valiant captain.

“ They now proceed on their way in a direct line ; neither rivers, marshes, nor any other impediments, stop their course ; driving before them all the beasts which they find in their way. When they arrive at the hunting ground, they surround as large a space as their company will admit, and then contract their circle, searching as they contract, every hollow tree, and every place fit for the retreat of a bear, and continue the same practice till the time of the chase is expired.

As soon as a bear is killed, a hunter puts into his mouth a lighted pipe of tobacco, and blowing into it, fills the throat with the smoke, conjuring the spirit of the animal not to resent what they are going to do with its body, not to render their future chases unsuccessful. As the beast makes no reply, they cut out the string of the tongue, and throw it into the fire ; if it crackles and runs in (which it is almost sure to do) they accept it as a good omen ; if not, they consider that the spirit of the bear is not appeased, and that the chase of the next year will be unfortunate.

The hunters live well during the chase, on provisions which they bring with them. They return home with great pride and self-sufficiency ; for, to kill a bear forms the character of a

complete man. They give a great entertainment, and now make a point to leave nothing. The feast is dedicated to a certain genius, perhaps that of gluttony, whose resentment they dread, if they do not eat every morsel, and even sup up the very melted grease in which the meat was dressed. They sometimes eat till they burst, or bring on themselves some violent disorders. The first course is the greatest bear they have killed, without even taking out the entrails, or taking off the skin; contenting themselves with singeing the skin, as is practised with hogs.

ANECDOTE OF THE DEER.

By Colonel Thornton.

Every circumstance relative to the sports of the field, that contains the least interest, is highly valued by those who make this healthful diversion an object of pursuit: the following observations on the deer are from the pen of the most accomplished sportsman of the present day, and cannot but prove acceptable to the reader.

“Deer” (says the Colonel) “cast their horns about the month of May. Nature seems to have intended this for the purpose of supplying those which have broke their horns by fighting, with new ones the succeeding year; as no animal fights more desperately or viciously than the deer. Their fencing and parrying, to those who have witnessed it, is beyond every thing, and it

may be said, scientific. During the time of the velvet they remain concealed as much as possible, conscious of their inability to attack or defend themselves, as the most trifling touch upon the velvet, in this state gives them exquisite torture. The velvet, when fried, is considered by epicurean sportsmen, the most delicate part of the deer. The growth of the horns only occupies about six weeks between the casting to the bringing them to perfection, when they have been known to weigh twenty pounds. It is a mistaken notion, that the antlers impede the deer in cover, as they enable him, on the contrary, to dash through thickets and save his eyes, as also to aid him when reared on his hind legs (which they do to an extraordinary height) to draw down the young branches for sustenance.

PLUCKING A PIGEON.

From "The Pigeons."

From fashion alone Pigeons oft go astray,
 And thus, to some masquerade Greek fall a prey,
 Who, like Proteus, with exquisite cunning and skill,
 Can vary his form and his part at his will.
 At one time most dext'rously hiding his crime,
 He proposes a hit for the killing of time ;
 A lounge to a racquet court, or to a belle,
 Or to take, just for fun, a short peep into hell,
 Where the poor Pigeon, yawning, will negligent stray,
 But will find, *s'en allant*, the devil to pay.
 Else the Greeks swear that legs are all thieves, d—n their
 eyes !
 But amid such great blanks, there must sure be a prize :

So he'll just go for *once*, though not long he'd remain,
Stake his last fifty pounds, throw just one single main.
Then he wins. "Jack, you'll back me" once more in the
round?

And the Pigeon is pluck'd of his last hundred pound.
Or else at advising the Greek will pretend,
And will thus safely counsel his gull of a friend—
"Dear Bob, you and I have been *had* to our cost,
And it now is high time to make up what we've lost;
I begin to be *up*—I'm *awake* to the thing—
Have you got a last thousand? say, what can you bring?
I know of a Martingale, excellent plan!
Tho' you're dish'd, my old boy, you'll be soon made a man.
Come to-morrow night early, and join stock with me,
And the happy result you'll most certainly see."
The Pigeon delighted, with fluttering wing,
Melts his plate, sells his horses, his favourite ring;
Unfurnishes cottage, and sleeps on the ground,
Is denied to his tailor, and brings his last pound;
Regretting there's nothing remaining unsold,
Since the stake is insur'd to produce him tenfold.
Behold his high plumage, his triumphant air,
As to haunts of perdition you see him repair.
He meets with his friend, with a squeeze of the hand,
And at *rouge et noir* table he firm takes his stand;
All absorb'd, scarcely eyeing the gambling crew,
The cards fly like lightning, he keeps them in view.
"Red loses the colour!" the sound strikes his ear:
Red loses again—and he shudders with fear.
The colour is chang'd—there's *an apres*—what then?
Why the colour he bets upon loses again;
The locks from his temples he's ready to rend;
But he hopes for a moment. A wink from his friend
Encourages him on—then again—death and shame!
His luck on each colour continues the same;
Till his friend cries, "Dear Bob, our last shilling we lose,
I see my dear fellow, 'tis all of no use."
Then indignant he throws down his purse in a rage,
And acts disappointment as if on the stage;
Takes the arm of his friend, pallid, falt'ring and weak,
And looks round at the bank with his tongue in his cheek.

'Twas thus Paddy L——r, gay, frothy, and green,
 Was ta'en in, though a Greek long his uncle had been;
 For Greeks stick at nothing to gain their own ends,
 And they sacrifice all their acquaintance and friends.
 And thus luckless P——, to gain what he lost,
 Put his faith in a Greek, which he knows to his cost;
 Join'd in a bank, as he thought, when the sly Greeking elf
 Of a friend, soon contriv'd for to break it himself.
 Ye credulous Pigeons! I would have you beware
 Of thus falling yourselves in a similar snare.
 When your honesty totters, by interest blind,
 And you purpose to bite, you'll be bitten, you'll find,
 Whilst you meet with no pity, and merit it less,
 Since you meant to dishonour to owe your success.
 When virtue's unsullied, and fair is your name,
 Turn your back on the crew, and avoid their foul blame;
 The first loss is best, let it be great or small,
 And the *cut* to regain it is—*cutting* them all.

* * * * *

A youth just from college, let loose on the town,
 Meets the friend of his heart, whom at school he has known;
 Every vein now expands with the glow of regard,
 He unbosom's each thought, ev'ry caution's unbarr'd;
 He tells his adventures, his hopes and his fears,
 His fortune, the secrets of juvenile years;
 Lives his childhood again, and's delighted to spend
 A day of enchantment along with his friend;
 Then he pledges the cup, with his friend by his side,
 And drowns every care in the full purple tide.
 Not so with his friend, who, from playing the fool,
 When he first enter'd college, or quitted the school,
 Expense, and bad company, avarice, art,
 Has chang'd every feeling, and poison'd his heart;
 No avenue's open which leads to the soul,
 Not even the impulse which springs from the bowl;
 When the good fellows drinking, their sympathies blend,
 And when wine makes each feel—he could die for his friend.
 No—that sentiment's gone, it is long out of date,
 'Tis unworthy the prudent, and scorn'd by the great.
 Yet I joy to record, that, not very long since,
 I have seen such a feeling, in the breast of a *Prince*;

But the schoolfellow felt not that exquisite glow,
 As the brief, and true sequel will easily show.
 The friend, who's become a contemptible *hack*
 Of Jockeys experienc'd, and black legged pack,
 Waits the moment, when now, most unguarded, appears
 The playmate almost of his infantine years;
 Gets a party to meet him, and smiling the while,
 Plucks the Pigeon, and triumphs whilst parting the spoil.
 Then the system of terror is sometimes employed
 'Gainst the Pigeons, whose fortune and peace are destroy'd;
 And they menace his life, if he's backward to pay,
 And perchance in a duel they take it away.
 Thus the robber to-day, to the Pigeon's great sorrow,
 Turns a *murd'rer* most foul on the dawn of to-morrow.
 Or by bullying letters, and imputent strife,
 The Pigeon is frightened quite out of his life.

TREGONVILLE FRAMPTON, ESQ.

This extraordinary character, was born in the reign of King Charles the First, when the sports of racing commenced at Newmarket: he was Keeper of the Running Horses to their Majesties William the Third, Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second, and died 12th March 1727, aged 86 years. The most remarkable event in the lives of this gentleman and his horse Dragon, is most pathetically depicted by Dr. John Hawkesworth, (in No. 37 of the *Adventurer*) in the following words, supposed to be spoken by the horse in the *Elysium* of beasts and birds. "It is true, (replied the steed,) I was a favourite; but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity; my tyrant was a man who had gained a considerable fortune by play particularly by racing. I had won him many

large sums ; but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet still I lived in ease and plenty ; and as he was able to sell even my pleasure, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared : I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation ; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest ; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand guineas. Mr. ———, the proprietor of the mare I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum : my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would, the next day, produce a gelding that should beat her ; but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for the match upon the spot : and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound : the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted, and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge. I determined to die as

I had lived, without an equal ; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

"When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion and blushed that I was a man."

SUFFERINGS OF THE POST-HORSE.

From Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy."

Could the poor Post-horse tell thee all his woes—
 Show thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
 The dreadful anguish he endures for gold !
 Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
 That prompt the traveller from stage to stage.
 Still on his strength depends their boasted speed,
 For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed ;
 And though he, groaning, quickens at command,
 Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
 Becomes his bitter scourge—'tis he must feel
 The double efforts of the lash and steel,
 Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
 And trembling under complicated pains,
 Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
 His breath emitted floats in clouds around ;
 Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
 And spattered mud his native colour hides.
 Thro' his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
 And every nerve a separate torture knows.
 His harness loos'd, he welcomes, eager eyed,
 The pail's full draught that quivers by his side ;
 And joys to see the well known stable door,
 As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah ! well for him, if here his suff'rings ceas'd,
 And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd.
 But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
 And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,

Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
 Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
 Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore;
 He hears the whip—the chaise is at the door;
 The collar tightens, and again he feels
 His half heal'd wounds inflam'd—again the wheels,
 With tiresome sameness, in his ears resound,
 O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.

CURIOUS MAP OF A SPORTSMAN.

The late Mr. O'Kelly, well known to all the lovers of the turf, having, at a Newmarket meeting proposed a considerable wager to a gentleman, who it seems had no knowledge of him; the stranger suspecting the challenge came from one of the black-legged fraternity, begged to know what security he would give for so large a sum, if he should lose, and where his estates lay. "Oh! by Jasus, my dear crater, I have the *map of them about me*, and here it is sure enough," said O'Kelly, pulling out a pocket-book, and giving unequivocal proofs of his property, by producing, *bank notes* to a considerable amount.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPH.

An old huntsman being on the point of death, requested his master would see a few legacies disposed of as follows:—

"*Imprimis*, I give to the sexton, for digging my grave, my tobacco box. *Item*, to the clerk for two staves, my gin-bottle with silver top.—*Item*, to our sporting parson, Dr. Dasher, my

silver mounted whip, with old Merrilass and her litter of puppies engraved, for a funeral sarmen, (if he can make one) on the following text—

‘Foxes have holes,’ &c.

“An’t please your honour (he continued) I have made some varses too, to save the clerk the trouble, for my grave stone, if your honour will say something first about my birth, parentage, and education.” The gentleman promised and he *died*.

Here lies
TIMOTHY Fox,
who was unkennelled
at seven o’clock, November 5th, 1768,
and having
availed himself of many shifts through the chase,
but at last, not being able to get into any hole or crevice,
was run down
by Captain Death’s blood-hounds,
Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Catarrh, Asthma,
and Consumption.

From early youth I learnt to hoop and halloo,
And o’er Cotswold the sharp hound to follow;
Oft at the dawn I’ve seen the glorious sun
Gang from the east, till he his course had run.
I was the fam’d Mendoza of the field,
And to no huntsman would give in or yield;
And when it fancied me to make a push,
No daring Nimrod ever got the brush.
But all my life-time death has hunted me,
O’er hedge and gate, nor from him could I flee;
Now he has caught my brush, and in this hole

Earth my poor bones—"Farewell, thou flowing bowl!"
Scented* with Reynard's foot, for death my rumf hath stole.

SKETCH OF A SPORTSMAN OF THE LAST AGE.

This character now worn out and gone, was the independent gentleman of three or four hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in his drab or plush coat, with large silver buttons, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in field amusements, and his travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize' and Sessions, or to attend an election. A journey to London was by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies; and it was undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation. At church, upon a Sunday, he always appeared, never played at cards but at Christmas, when he exchanged his usual beverage of ale, for a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, or of red brick, striped with timber, cal-

* A custom with enthusiastic Fox-hunters, to put a foot, or pad, of the fox killed, into a bowl of punch; deduced, perhaps, from the unenlightened heroes amongst the ancient northern tribes, who thought the beverage more highly flavoured when drank out of the skin of their enemies. The writer of the present anecdote must confess, that he has carried his ardour, more than once, so far, as to immerse the foot of a fox recently killed, in a bumper of port.

+ His aquavite.

led calimanco work, large casement, bow window, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house were well inhabited by martins, and the court set around with hollyhocks and clipt yews; the hall was provided with flitches of bacon, and the mantle piece with fowling pieces and fishing rods, of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars; the vacant spaces were occupied by stag's horns; in the window lay *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanville on Witches*, *Quincy's Dispensatory*, *Bracken's Farriery*, and the *Gentleman's Recreation*; in this room, at Christmas, round a glowing fire he entertained his tenants; here were told and heard exploits in hunting, and who had been the best sportsmen of his time; and although the glass was in continual circulation, the traditional tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, petrified them with fear; the best parlour which was never opened but on some particular occasion, was furnished with worked chairs and carpets, by some industrious female of the family, and the wainscoat was decorated with portraits of his ancestors, and pictures of running horses and hunting pieces.

Among the out offices of the house was a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds; and near the gate was the horse-block, for the conveniency of mounting.

But these men and their houses are no more ; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country to become the humble dependents on great men, and to solicit a place or commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, and partly upheld as a farm-house, until after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob limb of the law, or contractor !

PORTRAIT OF A PROFESSED GAMBLER.

Goldsmith has observed, with much truth, that one half of the world are in complete ignorance how the other half obtain a livelihood. In London, for instance, the ways are so multiplied to procure money ; the deceptions so numerous to deprive the unthinking part of society of their cash ; and the plans, traps, and specious devices held out to excite the attention of mankind in general are so diversified, that a volume would not suffice to give even a mere outline of the *talents* displayed by the "children of Chance !" Singular as it may seem to those persons unacquainted with the Sporting world, yet it is beyond dispute, that several men have by mere card-playing, and possessing the advantages of a delicate hand, obtained a competency : splendid fortunes have also been realized from an acquired knowledge of the transactions of the turf

and horse-racing : and the dexterous use of the mace and queue have often produced such large sums of money as to render the downhill of life comfortable and independent to many adventurers. The following outline of a "Sporting Adventurer," may tend, in a great degree, to illustrate some of the above characters :

Dick England, otherwise Captain England, for modern courtesy admits admits Captains as well as Esquires, who *faber suæ fortunæ*, the architect of his own fortune, and during some years nearly at the head of his profession of adventurer, gambler, or black leg. A character with such requisites has not usually been neglected, either by ancient or modern biography. He was born in Ireland, of the lowest parentage, and was in the capacity of journeyman cabinet-maker, at Dublin, when his determination first broke into activity, as an aspirant, to better his condition in life. In the Irish phrase to set up for a *jontleman*. His debut, however, was not the most genteel or elevated ; since, according to common report, it was that of a bully in the boxing line, and chiefly in the service of the fair sex, to a certain class of which, his Herculean form and athletic constitution, rendered him peculiarly acceptable. He was considered a good racket player ; and at single stick he had so much strength as to beat all his antagonists by downright ferocity. At one time he had sixteen indictments preferred against him for assaults.

He was said to have obtained considerable pugilistic renown at Dublin, and to have first crossed the Channel with views of rising in that profession, so much encouraged in this country, in which he met an instant and total disappointment; his bulk and muscular powers, however great, being of themselves insufficient to form the complete boxer, independently of certain qualities of constitution in which the English pre-eminently excel. To use a vulgar, but most expressive phrase, Dick England, a *milo*, and a conqueror at Dublin, was found in London to be *turnippy*; his valour was not malleable or Hudibrastic; and if his sledge-fist could deal the most formidable and knock-down blows, his too sensible flesh could not bear the return of such; or, in the phrase of the ring, he was a good giver but a bad taker.

A true Irishman, like his still more renowned competitor, Dennis O'Kelly, England still remained in the honourable service, although he found it necessary to relinquish all pretensions to the fist.

According to early chronicles, he first served as a protector, in language less courtly, but more significant, as bully, at a house of accommodation near Charing Cross. From the above introduction into his life, and its usual indispensable concomitants, all fours, put, whist, and the tables, the gradation of our candidate for gentility towards the turf, was easy and in course.

He is reported to have passed his probationary term in that mystical profession, with consummate prudence and caution, indeed his characteristics ; and there is no doubt, but he ultimately acquired a proficiency in the science of betting, and the profitable arrangement of his account, equal to that of any professional sportsman of his time ; he moreover, by dint of sedulous observation, attained considerable knowledge of the race-horse, and the practical business of the course ; branches with which mere betters seldom concern themselves, holding the opinion, generally, that in a race, far more depended on the state of the proprietor's betting account, than on the qualities of the horse. England, however, made little use of his skill as a jockey, very seldom training a horse, but contented himself with betting and hazard, in which his success was eminent, and his conduct amongst the men of rank and family with whom he had the opportunity to associate professionally, was so guarded and gentlemanly, that he was held in general respect.

The Golden Cross, Charing Cross, was his usual place of resort, where he was continually upon the look out for raw Irishmen coming by the coaches to London, who ultimately were plucked by him. From his rapid success he soon left an obscure lodging to take up his residence in an elegant house in St. Alban's Street, and had various masters teach him the polite

arts ; by which means he obtained a smattering of the French language.

The period of his life now alluded to, lies between the years 1779, and 1783, when he kept a good house and table in London, and was probably at the summit of his fortune. If recollection serve faithfully, he then sported his *vis-a-vis*, and was remarkably choice in the hackneys he rode, giving as high as eighty or ninety guineas for a horse, a price, perhaps equal to two hundred at the present time. In those days, Jack Munday's coffee-house, Round Court, in the Strand, was one of the chief houses of resort for men of the betting persuasion ; and there might be found in the evening, O'Kelly, England, Hull, the Clarkes, Tetherington, and most others of turf repute, ready to lay money to any amount, or to accommodate those that required it with a bet on either side of the question. The company were also habitually amused with the exhaustless fund of racing anecdote and saturnine *bizarre* humours of Old Medley. It was here that a big butcher challenged England as being a thief, and reflected on his origin : the latter, without hesitation beat the butcher almost to a jelly, and compelled him to acknowledge he had asserted a lie. England soon got into high play, but not into good company.

There was, on certain days, an ordinary at four o'clock, at which England shone in his most

brilliant colours as a companion, and generally as a president. On these occasions his manner was polite and conciliating, and his conversation shrewd and intelligent, evincing that meritorious industry which he had used to make amends for his defect of education; the semblance of which he often affected, by the introduction in conversation of the classical words, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Nereids, and Dryads. He was sometimes the hero of his own tale, and unguardedly exposed traits of nature in his character, which his acquired prudence and command of temper (his forte) in general, enabled him to conceal.

He related to us one evening, *con amore*, his docking a defaulter in payment, and a delinquent of another description. A certain young tradesman met him one evening, at a house in Leicester fields, in order to have an hour or two's diversion at rattling the bones. England lost some three or four score pounds, for which he gave his draft upon Hankey, the banker. Having persuaded his antagonist to give him his revenge, luck thenceforth turned, and England not only won his money back, but as much more in addition; and it being late, desired to retire, requesting the other party to follow his example, to give the cash, or a check upon his banker, for the money which he had lost. This the tradesman resolutely refused to do, on plea that he had been tricked, and that the money

had not been fairly won. England once more demanded the money, which being still refused, he tripped up the young man's heels, rolled him up in the carpet, and snatching a case-knife from the side-board, cut off his long hair close to the scalp. This violent action, and menacing attitude of England, flourishing the knife, and not sparing the most deep-toned imprecations, had such an effect upon the young man in the stillness of past three o'clock in the morning, that he rose, and with the meekness of a lamb, wrote a draft for the amount of his loss, took his leave civilly, wishing the Captain a good morning, and never mentioned the circumstance, though he frequently saw England.

His other similar exploit was upon George Mahon, a noted man upon the town, and the friend of an actress and singer of considerable celebrity at that period. Captain England, it seemed, had translated a great fat cook from his kitchen to better living, at the head of his table, at which Mahon was a frequent visiter, and in a few weeks the woman actually eloped with him. It was impossible to conceal this from the prying eyes and inquiries of England, who yet dissembled so well as to persuade Mahon, on the pretence of a trotting match, to meet him at an inn at Barnet, where, having previously prepared himself with an excellent knife, he threw the amorous delinquent on the floor, and cutting off his queue close to his head, he then kicked

him out of doors, with the most contemptuous reproaches. Said England, on this occasion, (in the hearing of the writer,) "Had it been my wife, I could have forgiven him, but to seduce my w——, it was not to be endured."

By England's constant attendance at the tennis courts, billiard tables, &c. he became intimately acquainted with the most noted black legs on the town, particularly Jack Teth—on Bob W—r, Tom H—ll, Captain O'Kelly, &c. who found England a necessary auxillary, as at landing a dye,* England shone unrivalled. But his despatches turned to his greatest emolument, as he would often swear, "By J——s! there is nothing equal to a few pigeons with a pair of despatches." The slip, the bridge, the brief, &c. he was expert at, as nature had been prolific in giving him a very large hand, and of course a pack of cards could be very easily concealed.

England quarrelled at Newmarket with a gentleman of black-leg fame about their honesty; the former accusing him of having loaded dice always in his pocket; the black-leg in return, swore, "that if he had, he knew who made them for England."

Mr. Blomberg, of Yorkshire, used to relate

* A cant phrase for dice that have just so many spots, that are not regularly marked, but, are so numbered that the thrower cannot possibly lose.

the following anecdote. Being at York, in the race week, he, after supper, proposed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Maynard, to put ten pounds to his, and they would go to *hell* (the hazard table) and sport it. The proposal being acceded to, the two gentlemen sallied out, inquiring where *hell* was kept this year. A sharp boy, (for there are few flats in York) answered them, "It is kept at the *clerk's* of the minister, in the minister-yard, next the church."

On being admitted into this honourable and pious house, they found England, at the head of thirteen black-legs, who observed, "he had been playing for some hours, and had had such a run of bad luck, that he must sell his horse, and go to the big city in the basket of the York Fly; but make up ten pounds among you, and break me at once." Mr. B. put down a ten pound note, and England threw, calling—"Seven is the main, or if seven or eleven is thrown next, the caster wins:" but Dick made a blunder, and threw twelve. The truth was, he landed at 6, and the die he threw did not answer his hopes; it should have been a five to have made 11; and though five squares out of the six were dotted with five spots each, yet our hero had the mortification to lose his bet; yet he with matchless effrontery, swore he called 6, instead of 7; but Mr. B. and his friend, insisted he called 7; they at last agreed to abide by the decision of the majority, when thirteen

honest gemmen voted for England, and Mr. B. and his brother were obliged to leave their money to be shared among this group of worthies.

It is related of England, that, in company with several other gamblers, he procured a Frenchman to play booty at tennis, by which means a Mr. Damer lost 44,000 guineas, which operated so powerfully on his mind, that he blew out his brains with a pistol.

England was always on the look out for a customer, and never gave a chance away, as the following anecdote evinces. The former being at Scarborough, observed a chaise drive into the town, and the necessary inquiries made to ascertain his name, &c. England soon found means to introduce himself to Mr. Dunn, accompanied him to the rooms, and as Mr. D. was by himself, England invited him to supper, and, with two associates, ultimately made him drunk. Mr. D. however, resisted all importunities to play; but the triumvirate, to save appearances, lest any improper questions were asked the waiter, played for five or six minutes, and then they each marked a card thus:—“Dunn owes me a hundred guineas.”—“Dunn owes me eighty guineas.” England, being the principal, marked his card, by way of *finessing* it completely,—“I owe Dunn thirty guineas.” The waiter touched five guineas for *hush* money, and the party broke up.

In the course of the next day England met

Mr. Dunn on the Cliff. "Well, sir, how do you do after your night's regale? Upon my conscience we were all very merry." "Yes," replied the *dove*, "we were, indeed, sir, and I hope I did not offend, for Bacchus, and the fatigue of travelling, prevailed rather too powerfully." England said with a smile, "Not at all, sir," and presented him with a thirty guinea banker's note, payable to R. England, Esq. saying, "I lost this sum to you last night—put it in your pocket, and I hope I shall have better luck another time." Dunn stared, positively denied having played for a shilling: but England assured him, upon his honour, he had, observing that he had paid hundreds to gentlemen when in liquor, that knew nothing of the matter till he showed them his account. Mr. Dunn thus fell into the trap laid for him, and being a novice, put the note into his pocket, thinking England the most upright man he ever met with. Shortly after, Mr. England's friends presented their cards; Mr. Dunn, thunderstruck with their demand, averred he never played with them, and indeed he did not know of his having played at all, but that Captain England, very much to his credit, had paid him thirty guineas, though he did not remember a circumstance of a card or dice being in the room.—George Brereton replied, "Sir, this is the first time my honour was doubted: Captain England and the waiter will tell you I won 100 guineas of

you, though I was a great loser by the night's play." Mr. Dunn, with his usual moderation, said, "Sir, I shall have the pleasure to see you at the coffee-house to-morrow morning, and I make no doubt but every thing will be amicably settled." The above trick was soon blown: the waiter, on being strictly interrogated, confessed they were all black-legs: and Mr. Dunn sent a letter to England, enclosing the draft for 30 guineas, and adding five more to pay the expenses of the supper. Upon the receipt of this letter, England and his companions made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough.

A volume of sporting anecdotes are told concerning this distinguished Gambler, but the most material and serious incident of England's life, was his duel with Mr. Le Rowles, a brewer, at Kingston, and which circumstance compelled him to fly this country, and become a fugitive in a foreign land for several years. Mr. Le Rowles was the intimate friend of England, but having lost a large sum at hazard, he put off the payment from time to time, till England arrested him on his bond, which produced a duel, and ended in the death of Mr. Le Rowles. Upon England's hurrying off from the ground, he was met by an old friend, who inquired of him the cause of his great haste, when he replied—"By Jasus I have shot a man, and must be after making myself scarce."

England reached the continent, in safety, and being outlawed, thenceforth resided at Paris, subsisting, as was understood, in his usual profession, but with what degree of success was not known. On the breaking out of the revolution—a report has always been current, that he furnished the head of our army with some valuable intelligence, in its celebrated campaign in Flanders; and that as a remuneration, his return to this country was smoothed, with the addition of an annuity, or of a sum of money adequate to such a privilege.

During his residence in France, he was several times in prison, and once sentenced to be guillotined, but got pardoned, through the interest of a member of the Convention, who also procured a passport for him, by which means he got back to this kingdom. It may be said, that he had a very narrow escape, for, before he received his pardon, he had been terrified by the arrival of the executioner!

England was tried, after an absence of 12 years, before Mr. Justice Rook, on Feb. 18, 1796, for the murder of the above gentleman, which took place on June 18, 1784, at Cranford Bridge. He was found guilty of manslaughter, fined one shilling, and sentenced to 12 months imprisonment. The Marquis of Hertford, the late Mr. Whitebread, M. P. Col. Bishopp, Col. Woolaston, Mr. Breton, and Lord Derby: all of these gentlemen spoke of England as a well behaved man, and Lord Derby

added, that Mr. England's behaviour at the races, where this unfortunate quarrel happened, was more temperate and moderate than his Lordship himself should have been from the provocation that he received.

England, during his trial, conducted himself with the manners of a gentleman; but the latter part of his life was passed in obscurity at his residence in Leicester Square, and he was found dead on his sofa on being called to dinner. He was about 80 years of age.

THE PHEASANT.

CLOSE by the borders of the fringed lake,
And on the oak's expanding bough is seen;
What time the leaves the passing zephyrs shake,
And sweetly murmur thro' the sylvan scene.

The gaudy pheasant, rich with varying dyes,
That fade alternate, and alternate glow;
Receiving now his colour from the skies,
And now reflecting back the wat'ry bow.

He flaps his wings, erects his spotted crest,
His flaming eyes dart forth a piercing ray;
He swells the lovely plumage of his breast,
And glares a wonder on the orient day.

Ah! what avails such heavenly plumes as thine,
When dogs and sportsmen in thy ruin join.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF A DRAUGHT HORSE.

An unparalleled instance of the power of a horse, when assisted by art, was shown near Croydon. The Surry Iron Rail-way, being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods all the

way from Wandsworth to Merstham, a bet was made between two gentlemen, that a common horse could draw 36 tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road.

A number of gentlemen assembled near Merstham to see this extraordinary triumph of art.—Twelve wagons loaded with stones, each wagon weighing above three tons, were chained together, and a horse taken promiscuously from the timber cart of Mr. Harwood, was yoked into the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of wagons with apparent ease to near the turnpike at Croyden, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of this time he stopped four times, to show that it was not by the impetus of descent that the power was acquired—and after each stoppage he drew off the chain of wagons from a dead rest. Having gained his wager, Mr. Banks, the gentleman who laid the bet, directed four more loaded wagons to be added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to show the effect of the rail-way in facilitating motion, he directed the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, to mount on the wagons, and the horse proceeded without the least dis-

tress ; and in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the wagons were taken to the weighing machine, and it appeared that the whole weight was as follows :—

	tons.	cwt.	qrs.
12 Wagons, first linked together, weighed	38	4	2
4 Ditto afterwards attached - - - -	13	2	0
Supposed weight of fifty labourers - - -	4	0	0
	<hr/>		
Tons	55	6	2

GOOD HOUNDS.

Peter Beckford, Esq. having heard of a small pack of beagles to be disposed of in Derbyshire, sent his coachman (the person he could then best spare) to fetch them. It was a long journey, and the man, not having been used to hounds, had some trouble in getting them along, besides, it unfortunately happened that they had not been out of the kennel for many weeks before, and were so riotous, that they ran after every thing they saw ; sheep, cur-dogs, and birds of all sorts, as well as hare and deer, had been his amusement all the way along. However, he lost but one hound ; and when Mr. Beckford asked him what he thought of them, he replied—"They could not fail of being good hounds, for they would hunt any thing."

SINGULAR STRATAGEM OF A FOX.

Some gentlemen being a hunting in Derbyshire, found a fox in good style, went away

with him, and had a severe run of two hours and a half, when the hounds came to a sudden check. After trying for a quarter of an hour to no purpose, one of the old hounds ran up to a dead sheep, (which appeared to have been recently killed) and could not be prevented smelling about it, and sometimes biting it. Every one was surprised at this, till the dog absolutely gave tongue, and the whole pack came up, and tore the sheep to pieces in a moment. But what was their astonishment, when Reynard himself appeared, covered with the blood and entrails of the sheep? He was of course immediately killed.

It seems, that running through a flock of sheep, and finding himself very hard pushed, and unable to go much farther, he had killed one, ripped open its belly, and secreted himself within, as the only means of saving his life.

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

A Sporting Satirical Effusion, attributed to the pen of

Mr. T. MOORE.

[Account of a Grand Pugilistic Meeting, held at Belcher's, (Castle Tavern, Holburn) TOM CRIB in the chair, to take into consideration the propriety of sending Representatives of the Fancy to congress.—Extracted from a letter written on the occasion by Harry Harmer, the Hammerer, to Ned Painter.]

LAST Friday night a *bang up* set
Of *milling blades* at Belcher's met;
All high-bred heroes of *the ring*,
Whose very *gammon* would delight one;

Who nurs'd beneath *The Fancy's* wing,
Show all her *feathers*—but the *white one*.

Brave TOM, the champion, with an air
Almost *Corinthian*, took the Chair :
And kept the *Coves* in quiet tune,
By showing such a *fist* of *mutton*,
As on a point of order, soon
Would take the *shine* from Speaker Sutton,
And all the lads look'd gay and bright,
And *gin* and *genius* flash'd about,
And whosoe'er grew unpolite,
The well bred Champion serv'd him out.

As we'd been summon'd thus to quaff
Our *Deady* o'er some state affairs,
Of course we mix'd not with the *raff*,
But had the *Sunday room*, up stairs.
And when we well had *sluic'd* our *gobs*,
'Till all were in *prime twig* for *chatter*,
TOM rose and to our learned *nobs*
Propounded thus th' important matter ;—

" *Gemmen*," says he—TOM's words, you know,
Come like his *hitting*, strong but slow—
" Seeing how those *swells*, that made
" Old Boney quit the *hammering* trade,
" (All prime Ones in their own conceit,—
" Will shortly at the CONGRESS meet—
" (Some place that's like the FINISH, lads,
" Where all your high pedestrian *pads*,
" That have been *up and out* all night,
" *Running* their *rigs* among the *rattlers*,
" At morning meet, and,—honour bright—
" Agree to share the *blunt* and *tattlers* !)
" Seeing as how, I say, these *Swells*
" Are soon to meet by special summons,
" To chime together, like "*hell's bells*,"
" And laugh at all mankind, as *rum ones*—
" I see no reason, when such things
" Are going on among these Kings,
" Why *We*, who're of the *Fancy lay*.

"As *dead hands* at a mill as they,
 "And quite as ready after it,
 "To share the spoil and *grab the bit*,
 "Should not be there, to *join the chat*,
 "To see, at least, what fun they're at,
 "And help their Majesties to find
 "New modes of *punishing* mankind.
 "What say you, lads? is any spark
 "Among you ready for a *lark*?
 "To this same Congress?—Caleb, Joe,
 "Bill, Bob, what say you? yes, or no?

Thus spoke the Champion prime of men,
 And long and loud we *cheer'd* his *prattle*
 With shouts, that thunder'd through the *ken*,
 And made Tom's *Sunday tea-things* rattle!
 A pause ensued—'till cries of "Gregson,"
 Brought Bob, the Poet, on his legs soon—
 (My eyes, how prettily Bob writes!)
 Talk of your *Camels*, *Hogs*, and *Crabs*,
 And twenty more such *Pidcock* frights—
 Bob's worth a hundred of these *dabs*;
 For a short *turn up* of a sonnet,
 A round of odes, or pastoral *bout*,
 All Lombard-street to nine-pence on it,
 Bobby's the boy would *clean* them out!)
 "Gemmen," says he—(Bob's eloquence
 Lies much in C—nn g's line, 'tis said,
 For, when Bob can't afford us *sense*,
 He *tips* us *poetry*, instead)—
 "Gemmen, before I touch the matter,
 "On which I'm here *had up* for *patter*,
 "A few short words I first must spare,
 "To him, the HERO, that sits there.
 "Swigging blue ruin in that chair.
 "(Hear, hear)—His fame I need not tell,
 "For that, my friends, all England's loud with!
 "For thus I'll say, a civiller *Swell*
 "I'd never wish to *blow* a cloud with.

At these brave words, we, ev'ry one,
 Sung out "hear—hear"—and clapp'd like fun.
 For knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,

The Champion *fibb'd* the PoET's nob,
 This *buttering-up* against the grain,
 We thought was *curs'd* genteel in Bob,
 And, here again, we may remark
 Bob's likeness to the Lisbon Jobber,
 For though, all know, that *flashy spark*
 From C—st—r—gh received a *nobber*,
 That made him look like *sneaking Jerry*,
 And *laid him up* in ordinary;
 Yet now such loving *pals* are they,
 That George, wiser as he's older,
 Instead of *facing* C—st—r—gh,
 Is proud to be his *bottle-holder*!
 But to return to Bob's harangue,
 'Twas duced fine—no *slum* or *slang*,
 But such as you could *smoke* the bard in,—
 All full of *flowers*, like Common Garden,
 With lots of *figures*, neat and bright,
 Like Mother Salmon's—wax-work quite!

The next was Turner—*hobbing* Ned,
 Who put his right leg forth, and said,
 "Tom I admire your motion much;
 "And, *please the pigs*; if well and hearty,
 "I somehow thinks I'll *have a touch*
 "Myself at this said Congress party.
 "Though no *great shakes* at learned *chat*,
 "If settling Europe be the *sport*,
 "They'll find I'm just the boy for that,
 "As *tipping settlers* is my *forte*!"

Then, up rose Ward, the veteran Joe,
 And, 'twixt his whiffs, suggested briefly,
 That but a *few*, at first, should go,
 And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly;
 As if too many "*Big ones*" went,
 "They might alarm the Continent!"

Joe added, then, that, as 'twas known
 The R—g—t, bless his wig! had shown
 A taste for Art (like Joey's own)
 And meant, 'mong other sporting things,

To have the heads of all those Kings,
 And conquerors, whom he loves so dearly,
Taken off—on canvas, merely ;
 God forbid the *other* mode !—
 He (Joe) would from his own abode,
 (*The Dragon—fam'd for Fancy works,*
Drawings of Heroes, and of—corks)
 Furnish such *Gemmen of the fist,*
 As would complete the R—g—t's list,
 "Thus Champion Tom," said he, "would look
 Right well, hung up beside the *Duke—*
 "Tom's noddle being (*if its frame*
 "Had but the *gilding*) much the same—
 "And as a partner for *Old Blu,*
 "Bill Gibbons or *myself* would do."

Loud cheering at this speech of Joey's—
 Who, as the *Dilettani* know, is
 (With all his other learnt parts)
Drawn as a hammer to the Arts!

Old Bill, the black*—you know him, Neddy—
 (With *mug*, whose hue the ebon shames,
 Reflected in a pint of *Deady,*

Like a large collier in the Thames)
 Though somewhat *cut*, just begg'd to say,
 He hoped that *Swell*, Lord C—st—r—gh,
 Would show the *lily whites* fair play ;

"And not, as once he did," says, Bill,
 "Among those Kings, so high and *squirish,*

"Leave us poor blacks to fare as ill,
 "As though we were but pigs, or—Irish!"

Bill Gibbons, rising, wish'd to know
 Whether 'twas meant *his Bull* should go—
 "As should their Majesties be dull,"
 Says Bill, "there's nothing like a Bull ;
 "And *blow me tight*"—Bill Gibbons ne'er
 In all his days was known to swear,
 —Except light oaths, to grace his speeches.

* Richmond.

Like "dash my wig," or "burn my breeches!"

"Blow me—"

—Just then, the Chair,* already
Grown rather *lively* with the *Deady*,

* * * * *

EXTRAORDINARY EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES.

One of the earliest in the order of time in this country, occurred in the year 1604, in the reign of James I. when John Lepton Esq. of Kenwick, in Yorkshire, who was one of his Majesty's grooms, undertook to ride five times between London and York, from Monday morning till Saturday night. He accordingly set out from St. Martin's le-Grand, between two and three in the morning of the 26th of May, and arrived at York on the same day, between five and six in the afternoon; rested there that night, and the next day returned to St. Martin's le-Grand, about seven in the evening, where he staid till about three o'clock the next morning. He reached York a second time, about seven at night, from whence he set off again for London, about three in the morning, and reached London between seven and eight. He set off again for York, between two and three in the morning following, and getting there between seven and eight at night, completed his undertaking in five days. On the Monday following he left York, and

* From the respect which I bear to *all sorts* of dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with the "imputed weakness of the great," I have been induced to suppress the remainder of this detail.

came to his majesty's court at Greenwich, as fresh and as cheerful as when he first set out.

In the year 1619, on the 17th of July, one Bernard Calvert, of Andover, rode from St. George's church, Southwark, to Dover, from thence passed by barge to Calais, in France, and from thence back to St. George's church the same day; setting out about three o'clock in the morning, and returning about eight in the evening, fresh and hearty.

In 1701, Mr. Sinclair, a gentleman of Kirby Lonsdale, in Cumberland, for a wager of 500 guineas, rode a galloway of his, on the Swift, at Carlisle, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours.

In 1745, Mr. Cooper Thornhill, master of the Bell Inn, at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, made a match, for a considerable sum, to ride three times between Stilton and London. He was allowed as many horses as he pleased, and to perform it in fifteen hours. He accordingly started on Monday, April 29, 1745, and rode—

	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>sec.</i>
From Stilton to Shoreditch church, London (71 miles) in - - - - -	3	52	59
From London to Stilton, in - - - - -	3	50	57
From Stilton to London, in - - - - -	3	49	56

Which was two hundred and thirteen miles in eleven hours, thirty-three minutes, and fifty-two seconds; and three hours, twenty-six minutes,

and eight seconds within the time allowed him.

On Wednesday, June 27, 1759, Jenison Shafto, Esq. performed a match against time, on Newmarket Heath; the conditions of which were, he was to ride fifty miles (having as many horses as he pleased) in two successive hours, which he accomplished with ten horses, in one hour, forty-nine minutes and seventeen seconds.

In 1761, a match was made between Jenison Shafto and Hugo Meynel, Esqrs. for two thousand guineas; Mr. Shafto to get a person to ride one hundred miles a day (on any one horse each day) for twenty-nine days together; to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. The person chosen by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started on Newmarket-Heath, the 4th of May, 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished (having used only fourteen horses) on the first of June, about six in the evening.

On Tuesday, August the 14th, 1773, at thirty-five minutes past ten in the evening, was determined a match between Thomas Walker's, Esq. hackney gelding and Captain Adam Hay's road mare, to go from London to York. Mr. Walker rode his horse, and Captain Mulcaster rode for Mr. Hay. They set out from Portland Street, London, and Captain Mulcaster, with the winning mare, arrived at Ouse-bridge, York, in forty hours, and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Walker's horse tired within six miles of Tadeas-

ter, and died the next day. The mare drank twelve bottles of wine during her journey, and on the following Thursday was so well as take her exercise on Knavesmire.

The last week in September, 1781, a great match of four hundred and twenty miles in one whole week, was rode over Lincoln two-mile course, and won by Richard Hanstead, of Lincoln, and his famous gray horse, with great ease, having three hours and a half to spare.

October the 15th, 1783, Samuel Haliday, a butcher of Leeds, undertook for a bet of ten pounds, to ride from Leeds to Rochdale, from thence to York, and back again to Leeds (one hundred and ten miles) in twenty hours. He started at ten o'clock at night, upon a slender mare not fourteen hands high; and though he rode above fourteen stone, he finished his journey with ease, in less than eighteen hours.

December 29th, 1786, Mr. Hull's horse Quibbler, run a match for a thousand guineas, twenty-three miles in one hour, round the Flat at Newmarket, which he performed in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

August 15th, 1792. To decide a wager of fifty pounds, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse, Labourer, ran twenty times round the race ground (exactly a mile) at Preston, in fifty-four minutes.

In October 1791, at the Curragh meeting in

Ireland, Mr. Wilde, a sporting gentleman, made bets to the amount of two thousand guineas, to ride against time, viz. one hundred and twenty-seven English miles in nine hours. On the 6th of October he started, in a valley near the Curragh course, where two miles were measured, in a circular direction: each time he encompassed the course it was regularly marked. During the interval of changing horses, he refreshed himself with a mouthful of brandy and water, and was no more than six hours and twenty-one minutes, in completing the one hundred and twenty-seven miles; of course he had two hours and thirty-five minutes to spare.—Mr. Wilde had no more than ten horses, but they were all blood, and from the stud of——Daley, Esq.—Whilst on horseback, without allowing any thing for changing of horses, he rode at the rate of twenty miles an hour, for six hours. He was so little fatigued with this extraordinary performance, that he was at the Turf Club-House, in Kildare the same evening.

The expedition of the express, with the account of the drawing of the Irish lottery, for 1792, has never yet been equalled, as will appear from the following road bill of the third day's express, Nov. 15, 1792.

	m.	h.	m.
Holyhead to Birmingham - - - -	163½	in	11 45
Birmingham to Stratford upon Avon - -	23½		2 4
Stratford upon Avon to London - - -	106		7 45
	<hr/>		
	292		2134

October the 14th, 1791, a trotting match took place on the Romford road, between Mr. Bishop's brown mare, 18 years old, and Mr. Green's chestnut gelding, six years old, twelve stone each, for fifty guineas a side; which was won with ease by Mr. Bishop's mare. They were to trot sixteen miles, which the mare performed in fifty-six minutes and some seconds.

AN EPISTLE FROM ECLIPSE TO KING FERGUS.

"Dear Son,

"I set out last week from Epsom, and am safe arrived in my new stables at this place. My situation may serve as a lesson to man: I was once the fleetest horse in the world, but old age has come upon me, and wonder not, King Fergus, when I tell thee, I was drawn in a carriage from Epsom to Cannons, being unable to walk even so short a journey. Every horse, as well as every dog, has his day; and I have had mine. I have outlived two worthy masters, the late Duke of Cumberland, that bred me, and the Colonel with whom I have spent my best days; but I must not repine, I am now caressed, not so much for what I can do, but for what I have done; and with the satisfaction of knowing that my present master will never abandon me to the fate of the high-mettled racer.

"I am glad to hear my grandson, Honest Tom, performs so well in Ireland, and trust that

he, and the rest of my progeny, will do honour to the name of their grandsire."

"Eclipse."

Cannons, Middlesex.

"P. S. Myself, Dungannon, Volunteer, and Virtumnus, are all here. Compliments to the Yorshire horses."

HIS MAJESTY AS A SPORTSMAN.

A retrospect of the sporting career of this illustrious character, renowned for his personal worth, intrinsic merit, and transcendant greatness, must be highly gratifying to all the lovers of the chase, particularly as it must call to their recollection, that a few years ago, the first man in the kingdom, was to the sporting world in general a complete model for imitation. Innately superior to all the little arts of affection and fashionable duplicity, he personally entered into, and for a length of time happily enjoyed all the pleasures of rationality, all the comforts of society without a prostitution of judgment, or a degradation of dignity.

The most distinguished trait in his majesty's character, as a sportsman, was an invariable attachment to the chase, in which "he bore his blushing honours thick about him," and held out to many of the ostentatious sprigs of aristocracy who surrounded him, a most glorious and inefable example of affability, politeness, and pater-

nal affection. In the field he was more than a king, by giving the most condescending and unequivocal proofs that his wish was then to be considered only as a man; and by fostering under every proper and respectful distinction (that subordination could dictate, and unsullied loyalty happily feel) the truly ecstatic sensation of personal equalization with his own subjects, of whose affection he had continual proofs, and from whom he was conscientiously and exultingly convinced he had nothing to fear. Before and after, as well as during the chase, he entered into all its varieties with the great number of private gentlemen who constantly attended, and to each individual of whom he paid the most marked civilities. Innumerable proofs of this distinguishing trait might be adduced, but a few will suffice on the present occasion.

During the indisposition of the late Lord Spencer Hamilton, it was his majesty's custom to inquire of his Surgeon (who constantly hunted) the state of his lordship's health; when, being informed "that it was thought somewhat improved by Dr. Blenkinsop, of Reading, who has been with him all the night," his majesty expressed himself highly pleased with the kind attention of the doctor to his patient, adding at the same time, in the hearing of the whole field, that his conduct was very different to the London physicians, whose constant practice it was to alight from their chariots, ask

a few trifling questions, write their prescriptions, receive their fee, and then bid you good morning. This observation was thought the more extraordinary, as it was immediately after his own personal experience, and a certain eminent M. D. was then in actual attendance, and positively in the line of hearers when the remark was so emphatically made.

On another occasion, when a Mr Parry, of Beaconsfield, sustained a very severe injury by a most dreadful fall from his horse, almost at the very moment the hounds were seizing the stag, near Hannikin's Lodge, and was for many moments supposed to be dead, his Majesty, with a tenderness so peculiarly evident to him, sat on his horse at a few yards distance, during the operation of bleeding upon the open heath; the present Lord Sandwich (then Lord Hinchinbroke) bringing repeated injunctions to the surgeon from his Majesty, that Mr. P. should be taken home to the house of the practitioner, without adverting at all to the expense, which should be amply compensated, under the instructions of the master of the stag-hounds; a matter that was afterwards obliterated with the most princely liberality.

It is much to be lamented (and by the sporting world in particular) that a calamitous affliction—an affliction which, of all others, places those who are the victims to it, in a situation truly pitiable—has so long denied his Majesty

the pursuit of those innocent pleasures and salutary gratifications. After his first illness, it was fondly hoped by a grateful nation, that this beloved monarch would again resume those diversions, in which he was fitted to shine with peculiar lustre ; but, alas ! he resumed them for only a short time ; being from the repeated attacks of his calamity, obliged to decline them altogether.

Although no attachment to the pleasures of the turf were discernible, his Majesty never, till indisposition obliged him, omitted the honour of his annual visit (with his whole family) to the races at Ascot Heath, at which place he gives a plate of 100 guineas, to be run for on the first day, by such horses as have regularly hunted with his own hounds the preceding winter ; and this race he was always observed more particularly to enjoy, as he was known not only to be attentive to the perfections of each horse, but to analyze minutely their qualifications, during their exertions in the chase. Though these races have been deprived of the presence of his Majesty, for the reason above assigned, they are generally honoured by a visit from the Royal Family.

Such has been the sporting character of this illustrious Monarch, whose many other qualifications have long been the theme of general admiration, and whose numerous virtues have not only attracted special notice, but will ren-

der his name and memory dear to posterity :—

- “ To arts, as arms, thy genius led the way
- “ And the glad olive mingled with the bay :
- “ Of social life too—thine the faultless plan,
- “ Foes warmed to friends, and man acknowledg'd man ;
- “ Fair times ! when monarchy is happiness ;
- “ When rule is freedom, and when power can bless !”

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

His Royal Highness was many years resident at Clifden-House, in the county of Bucks ; and being very fond of shooting, he gave orders for breeding a great number of pheasants and partridges, that when they came to proper maturity they might be liberated, on purpose to afford his Royal Highness amusement in the shooting season : by which means the neighbouring woods and fields were most plentifully stored with game.

It happened that a clergyman, whose name was Bracegirdle, resided in the neighbourhood with a large family, upon a small curacy, and being an excellent shot, thought there was no harm in lessening the game, towards the support of himself and his family : the Prince being apprized of it, sent an express command to him not to destroy the game, for that he would, in due time, consider him and his family. The mandate was punctually obeyed at that time, the parson laid by his gun, and every thing seemingly promised no further encroachment.

The ensuing season, his Royal Highness being

out on a shooting party in the neighbourhood, heard the report of a gun at no great distance from him; orders were immediately given to find out the party, and bring them before his Royal Highness: who should approach but Parson Bracegirdle; and having approached his Royal Highness, the Prince (with his usual good nature) asked him what diversion he had met with; to which he replied, some little; but pray (said the Prince) what have you got in your hawking bag? let us see the contents. The parson then drew out a fine cock pheasant and two brace of partridges. Very fine (said the Prince;) but did I not command you to forbear destroying the game? The parson, very sensible of the breach he had been guilty of, most humbly besought his Royal Highness's forgiveness, alleging, that the beauty of the morning invited him abroad, and happening to take the gun along with him, the creature (pointing to the game) got up before him, and flesh and blood could not forbear. The prince was so pleased with his apology, that he bid him rise up and attend him; the conversation then turned on the art of shooting flying, which at that time his Royal Highness was rather defective in: but by Mr. Bracegirdle's constant attendance on the Prince in all his shooting excursions, he became a tolerable good shot; and in remembrance of the promise he made him, obtained for him, the

living of Taplow, then worth two hundred pounds a year.

SPORTING ARDOUR.

The late Duke of Grafton, when hunting was thrown into a ditch ; at the same time a young curate, calling out, "Lie still my Lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling, we may presume, was properly resented. No such thing : on being helped out by his attendant, his Grace said, "That man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal ; had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have given him any thing : being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a high spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

INSTANCE OF AFFECTION IN A SPANIEL.

Can man too highly prize, or too generously shelter the dog ? That animal, gifted by nature with the most interesting qualities ; that animal, whose vigilance protects us, whose humility interests us, whose fidelity may sometimes shame us : there is, perhaps, no virtue which the breath of civilization may expand or ramify in the breast of a human being, but what may be found, with inferior energy, in the instinct of the dog ; with inferior energy, because he is not endowed with all those inlets to perfection, which characterize his imperious master ! The following anecdote may be added to that long list of honourable

examples, which testify the virtues of the canine race. It is literally transcribed from a writer of respectability.

The game-keeper of the Rev. Mr. Corsellis had reared a spaniel, which was his constant attendant, both by night and day; whenever old Daniel appeared, Dash was close to him, and the dog was of infinite use in his nocturnal excursions. The game at that season, he never regarded, although in the day time no spaniel would find it in a better style, or in greater quantity; but if at night, a strange foot had entered any of the coverts, Dash, by a significant whine, informed his master that the enemy were abroad; and many poachers have been detected and caught from this singular intelligence. After many years friendly connexion, old Daniel was seized with a disease, which terminated in a consumption, and his death: whilst the slow, but fatal progress of his disorder, allowed him to crawl about, Dash, as usual, followed his footsteps, and nature was still further exhausted, and he took to his bed, at the foot of it unwearily attended the faithful animal; and he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay upon the bed by his side. It was with difficulty he was tempted to eat any food; and although after the burial he was taken into the hall, and caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room in the cot-

tage, where his old master breathed his last : here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave ; but at the end of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shown him he died literally broken-hearted.

EPITAPH ON HIGHFLYER.

ALAS POOR HIGHFLYER !

He deserves the pen of an able writer, but the only merit I can claim is priority.—“ *Bis dat qui cito dat.*

HERE LIETH

The perfect and beautiful symmetry
Of the much lamented

HIGHFLYER ;

By whom and his wonderful offspring,
The celebrated TATTERSALL acquired a noble fortune ;
But was not ashamed to acknowledge it
In gratitude to this famous

STALLION.

He call'd an elegant mansion he built
HIGHFYER HALL.

At these extensive demesnes
It is not unusual for some of the
Highest Characters

To regale sumptuously,

When they do the owner the honour
Of accepting his hospitality.

A gentleman of the Turf,
Tho' he has no produce from the above

STALLION,

Begs leave to pay this small tribute
To his memory.

Here lies the *third** of the Newmarket race,
That ne'er was conquer'd on the Olympic plain ;
Herod his sire, who but to few gave place,
Rachel his dam—his blood without a stain.

* Childers,—Eclipse.

By his prolific deeds was built a court,*

Near where proud Ely's turrets rise ;

To this fam'd sultan would all ranks resort,

To stir him up to an am'rous enterprize.

To these three patriarch† the Turf shall owe

The long existence of superior breed :

That blood in endless progeny shall flow,

To give the lion's strength and roebuck's speed.

THE FOX-HUNTING PARSON.

The late Rev. Mr. L——t, of Rutlandshire, when a young man, being out with Mr. Noel's hounds, he said to the Earl of G. who had promised him the living of T. when it should become vacant—"My lord, the church stands on the land of promise." And a short time afterwards when he had been inducted, he said—"My lord, now the church stands on the land of possession."—He has been known several times, when at prayers in a week, to leave the congregation, and join the hounds, when they chanced to pass in full cry; and once, when he was marrying a couple, left them in the middle of the service, and told them he would finish it the next morning.—He was esteemed as a worthy good man, by all ranks of people in the neighbourhood, and did a great deal of good himself amongst the poor in his own parish. He died, universally lamented, some years ago, and a very remarkable circumstance happened during

*An elegant villa near Ely. † Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer.

the funeral; a fox, very hard run, was killed, after an excellent day's sport within a few yards of the grave, at the time when the sexton was filling it in.

A REMARKABLE LEAP.

A pack of hounds were in pursuit of a fox through the enclosures adjoining to Sydenham, in Kent: one of the party, a gentleman, came up to a gate which he expected to be permitted to pass through; but in this he was for some time prevented by a man, who swore that no one should go that way, whilst he was able to make use of his knife. The *sportsman* began to expostulate with the butcher, but it had no more effect upon the defender of the castle, than to make him the more positive that no person should pass through—filled with the enthusiasm of the chase, he asked him whether he might go over; this he assented to, observing at the same time, that neither he nor any man in England could. Our sportsman instantly drew his horse a few yards back, then ran him to the gate, which he took and cleared well, carrying the rider safe over, to the astonishment of every one.

This gate was a five barred one, with paling upon the top, exactly six feet and a half high; the boldness of the attempt did that which the most persuasive language could not effect—it brought from the morose *lamb-slayer* this exclamation, "that he would be d—d if ever el

prevented this gentleman from going through his gate whenever he thought proper."

THE OLD ENGLISH FOX-HUNTER.

In a very elegant edition of Somerville's Chase,* recently published, with notes by Major Topham, we have the following interesting specimen of fox-hunting in former days :—

It is curious (says the Major) because it contains the portraiture of a man who was the Nimrod of his day, and was really a fox-hunter; for he dedicated the whole of a long life to it. The character is that of Old Draper, of Yorkshire, and the account is taken from anecdotes delivered down to us by his relatives.

In the old, but now ruinous mansion of Berwick Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, lived once the well-known William Draper, Esq. who bred, fed, and hunted, the stanchest pack of fox-hounds in Europe. On an income of seven hundred pounds a year, and no more, he brought up, frugally, and creditably, eleven sons and daughters: kept a stable of right good English hunters, a kennel of true-bred fox-hounds, besides a carriage, with horses suitable, to carry out my lady and the daughters to church, and other places of goodly resort. He lived in the old honest style of his country, kill-

* Sold by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row, price 6s. in boards.

ing every month a good ox, of his own feeding, and priding himself on maintaining a good substantial table; but with no foreign kickshaws. His general apparel was a long dark drab hunting coat, a belt round his waist, and a strong velvet cap on his head. In his humour he was very joking and facetious, having always some pleasant story, both in the field and in the hall, so that his company was much sought after by persons of good condition, which was of great use to him in afterwards advancing his own children. His stables and kennels were kept in such excellent order, that sportsmen regarded them as schools for huntsmen and grooms, who were glad to come there without wages, merely to learn their business. When they had got instruction, he then recommended them to other gentlemen, who wished for no better character, than that they were recommended by Esquire Draper. He was always up, during the hunting season, at four in the morning, and mounted on one of his goodly nags at five o'clock, himself bringing forth his hounds, who knew every note of their old master's voice. In the field he rode with good judgment, avoiding what was unnecessary, and helping his hounds when they were at fault. His daughter Di, who was equally famous at riding, was wont to assist him, cheering the hounds with her voice. She died at York, in a good old age, and what was wonderful to many sportsmen, who dared not to fol-

low her, she died with whole bones, in her bed.

After the fatigues of the day, when he generally brought away a couple of brushes, he entertained those who would return with him, which was sometimes thirty miles distance, with old English hospitality. Good old October, home-brewed, was the liquor drank; and his first fox-hunting toast—"All the brushes in Christendom." At the age of eighty years this famous squire died as he lived, for he died on horseback. As he was going to give some instructions to a gentleman who was rearing up a pack of fox-hounds, he was seized with a fit, and dropping from his old favourite pony, he expired. There was no man, rich or poor, in his neighbourhood, but what lamented his death—and the foxes were the only things that had occasion to be glad that Squire Draper was no more!

A FOX CHASE.

WHILE thus the knight's long smother'd fire broke forth,
 The rousing music of the horn he hears;
 Shrill echoing through the wold, and by the north,
 Where bends the hill the sounding chase appears;
 The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
 And woode and dale rebound the swelling lay;
 The youth on coursers, fleet as fallow deers,
 Pour through the downs, while foremost of the fray,
 Away! the jolly huntsman cries: and echoe sounds, Away!
 Now had the beagles scour'd the bushy ground,
 Till where a brooke strays halloo through the bent,

When all confus'd, and snuffing wildly round,
 In vain their fretful haste explor'd the scent :
 But Reynard's cunning all in vain was spent,
 The huntsman from his stand his arts had spy'd,
 Had mark'd his doublings, and shrew'd intent,
 How both the banks he traced, then backward ply'd ;
 His track some twenty roods ; he bounding sprung aside.
 Eke had he mark'd where to the broome he crept,
 Where hearkening every sound, an hare was laid ;
 Then from the thicket bush he slyly left,
 And wary scuds along the hawthorn shade,
 Till by the hill's slant foot he earths his head
 Amid a briarie thicket : emblems meet
 Of wylie statesmen of his foes adred ;
 He oft misguides the people's rage, I weet,
 On others, whilst himselfe winds off with slie deceit.
 The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
 The lurking hare is in an instant slain ;
 Then opening loud, the beagle's scent the track,
 Right to the hill, while thund'ring through the plain :
 With blyth huzza advance the jovial train,
 And now the groomes and squires, cowherds and boys,
 Beat round and round the brake—but all in vain.
 Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
 Till ploughing in his den the terrier fiercely joys
 Expell'd his hole, up starts to open sky,
 The villain bold, and wildly glares around.
 Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fy :
 As oft recoils to guard from backward wound ;
 His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
 The pack attonce* rush on him—foaming ire,
 Fierce at his throte and sides hang many a hound ;
 His burning eyes flash wyld red sparkling fire,
 While sweltering on the swaird his breath and strength
 expire.

MAJOR BAGGS.

The death of this gentleman was occasioned
 by a cold caught at the Round House of St.

* At once, together.

James's, when he and many others were carried there, by Justice Hyde, from the gaming table.

In the first company he obtained, George Robert Fitzgerald was his lieutenant. As soon as he got the rank of Major, he retired upon half pay, and devoting himself to deep play ever after, he pursued it with an eagerness and perseverance beyond example. When he was so ill that he could not get out of his chair, he has been brought to the hazard-table, when the rattling of the dice seemed suddenly to revive him. He once won 17,000*l.* at hazard, by throwing on, as it is called, fourteen successive mains. He went to the East Indies in 1780, on a gaming speculation; but not finding it answer, he returned home, over land. At Grand Cairo, he narrowly escaped death, by retreating in a Turkish dress to Smyrna. A companion of his was seized, and sent prisoner to Constantinople, where he was at length released by the interference of Sir Robert Anstie, the English ambassador. He won 6000*l.* of Mr. O——, some years ago, at Spa, and immediately came to England to get the money from Lord——, the father of the young man. Terms of accommodation were proposed by his Lordship, in the presence of Mr. D——, the banker, whose respectability and consequence are well known. Lord O—— offer-

ed him a thousand guineas, and a note of hand for the remainder, at a distant period. Baggs wanted the whole to be paid down. Some altercation ensued. Mr. D—— then observed that he thought his Lordship had offered very handsome terms. "Sirrah, (said Baggs, in a passion) hold your tongue; the laws of commerce you may be acquainted with, but the laws of honour you know nothing about." When he fought Fitzgerald, he was wounded in the leg and fell, but when down returned the fire, which struck the knee of his antagonist, and made him lame for ever after. He never could hear of Fitzgerald's unhappy fate without visible delight, and "grinning horribly a ghastly smile." He is supposed to have utterly ruined, by play, forty persons. At one time of life he was worth more than 100,000*l*. He had fought eleven duels; and was allowed to be very skilful with the sword. He was a man of a determined mind, great penetration, and considerable literature: and, when play was out of case, could be an agreeable and instructive companion. He was very generous to people whom he liked; and a certain naval lord, highly respected, when in rather a distressed situation at Paris, some years ago, found a never failing resource in the purse of the Major. He lived at Paris several years in the greatest splendour. His countenance was terrible, though his appearance and manners were gentlemanlike. While he lived

at Avignon, he frequently gave splendid suppers to the Duke and Dutchess of Cumberland, and their friends. He went to Naples at the time they did, and got introduced to the King's private parties, of whom he is said to have won 1500l.

REMARKABLE ABSTINENCE OF A DOG.

In 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of his Majesty, a favourite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome; here, all at once it was missing, and calling and whistling were to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, all but two days, some glaziers were at work in the cathedral, and heard amongst the timber, which support the dome, a faint noise; thinking it might be some unfortunate being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near to the place whence the sound came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up. Much emaciated and scarce able to stand, the workmen placed it in the porch of the church, to die or live, as might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning; some time after the dog was seen endeavouring to cross the street at the top of Lungate-hill, but its weakness was so great, that unsupported by a wall, he could not accomplish it. The appear-

ance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses he was enabled to get to Fleet-market, and over two or three narrow crossings in its way to Holborn-bridge, and about 8 o'clock in the evening it reached its master's house in Red Lion-street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours in its journey from St. Paul's to that place. The dog was so much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head as to be scarce discernable, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh twenty pounds, and now only weighed three pounds fourteen ounces; the first indication it gave of knowing its master, was by wagging its tail when he mentioned the name Phillis; for a long time it was unable to eat or drink, and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a tea-spoon; at length it recovered. Should it be asked, how did this animal live near nine weeks without food? This was not the case. She was in whelp when lost, and doubtless eat her offspring; the remains of another dog, killed by a similar fall, was likewise found, that most probably was converted by the survivor to the most urgent of all natural purposes; and when this treat was done, the shoe succeeded, which was almost half devoured. What famine and a thousand accidents could not do, was effected a short time after by

the wheels of a coach, which unfortunately went over her, and ended the mortal days of poor Phillis.

SKETCH OF SOME OF THE PROFESSORS OF THE
OLD SCHOOL OF BOXERS.

Selected from "Boxiana."

Jack Broughton, according to the best authorities, appears to have been considered as the Father of the English School of Boxing, and by whose superior skill and ability, Pugilism obtained the rank of a Science.

Previous to the days of Broughton it was downright slaughtering,—or, in the modern acceptation, either gluttony, strength, or bottom, decided almost every contest. But after Broughton appeared as a professor of the gymnastic art, he drew crowds after him to witness his exhibitions; there was a neatness about this method completely new, and unknown to his auditors—he stopped the blows aimed at any part of him by his antagonist, with so much skill, and hit his man away with so much ease, that he astonished and terrified his opponents beyond measure; and those persons who had the temerity to enter the lists with Broughton were soon convinced of his superior knowledge and athletic prowess: and most of his competitors, who were compelled to give in from their exhausted and beaten state, had the mortification to behold Broughton scarcely touched, and to

appear with as much cheerfulness and indifference as if he had never engaged in a *set-to*.

He was indebted to nature for a good person; his countenance was manly and open; and, possessing a sharp and penetrating eye, that almost looked through the object before him, gave a fine animation to his face. His form was athletic and commanding; there was an importance about it which denoted uncommon strength, and which every spectator felt impressed with that beheld him. Six feet, wanting an inch, in height; and fourteen stone, or thereabouts, in weight.

Broughton became as a fixed star in the pugilistic hemisphere; his talents as a boxer gained him many admirers and patrons; but his good temper, generosity of disposition, and gentleness of manners, ensured him numerous friends. He was intelligent, communicative, and not destitute of wit. The system he laid down was plain, and easy to be understood; and under his instruction, several of his pupils arrived at a pugilistic eminence, and gave distinguished proofs of the acquirements they had gained under so great a master.

Figg, who preceded Broughton, was more indebted to strength and courage for his success in the battles which he gained, than from the effects of genius: in fact, he was extremely illiterate, and it might be said, that he boxed his way through life. If Figg's method of fighting

was subject to the criticism of the present day, he would be denominated more of a slaughterer, than that of a neat, finished pugilist. His antagonists were punished severely in their conflicts with him, particularly those who stood up to receive his blows. In making matches his advice was always consulted, as he possessed the character of an honest fellow—and was looked up to as a leading fighter among the most distinguished of the Fancy.

It appears that Figg was more distinguished as a fencer and cudgeller, than as a pugilist: and, notwithstanding the former acquirements gave him a decidedly superior advantage over the other boxers of that day, by his thorough acquaintance with time and measure, yet his favourite practices were the sword and stick, and in the use of which he particularly excelled.

His reputation rapidly increasing as a scientific man in those pursuits, he was induced to open an academy (perhaps better known as Figg's Amphitheatre) for teaching the use of the small and back-sword, cudgelling, and pugilism; and which place soon became of considerable notoriety, by proving a great attraction to the sporting men at that period, in making and settling matches in the various bouts that were displayed.

Jack Slack, rendered a pugilist of some prominence, by his victory over Broughton, and in being elevated to the rank of Champion!—

He was a man of considerable strength and bottom : firmly made, in height, about five feet eight inches and a half, and in weight nearly as heavy as Broughton, but not quite fourteen stone. Slack was very little indebted to science, and trusted to a method almost exclusively his own : his blows were generally well put in, and given with a most dreadful force. His attitudes were by no means impressive : there was a want of elegance in his positions to attract the attention of the spectators, and he appeared as a most determined fighter, scarcely giving time to his adversary to breathe, and bent upon nothing else but victory. He stood remarkably upright, guarding his stomach with his right hand, and as if protecting his mouth with his left. Whenever Slack meditated giving a blow upon any particular part of his antagonist, he rushed in furiously, regardless of the consequences of a knock-down blow in the attempt. It is but justice to say of him, that he disputed every battle manfully; was above shifting; and his bottom was of the first quality. Slack was noted for a back-handed blow, which often operated most powerfully upon the face of his opponent : and it was observed, that being so used to chopping in his business as a butcher, that in fighting, the chopper proved of no little service to him in producing victory.

George Taylor was also a distinguished boxer in his day, and succeeded Figg at the Am-

phitheatre. Edward Hunt, (a pupil of Broughton, and the Randall of his time) was viewed as a perfect prodigy, weighing only eight stone and a half, and obtaining victories over men nearly twice his own weight. Steevens, the Nailer, a first rate hero, came in for his share of glory as a pugilist, and Peter Corcoran, from Ireland, made a great noise during his career among the English boxers. Pipes, Gretting, Boswell, Stevenson, Smallwood, James, &c. &c. were all boxers far above mediocrity. Buckhorse, so denominated from his ugliness, was as much distinguished for his amours as he was for his pugilistic prowess, among the above list of mil-ling heroes in their day.

Johnson, Ryan, Humphreys, Big Ben, Mendoza, Bill War, Hooper, Owen, &c. succeeded the above pugilists in the prize-ring; but for a more minute detail of their feats, together with the exploits of those millers of the New School, "Boxiana" furnishes every necessary inquiry.

SONG MADE ON THE PRIZE RING IN 1819.

By the Author of "Boxiana."

Tune—"Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled."

PATS who saw Jack Randall fight,
That fill'd the FANCY with delight,
Oh! it was a manly sight,

Such game lads to see!

Back'd by the Welch, Ned took his ground,
A better man could ne'er be found,

owing fine science ev'ry round—

And not a *fincher* he!

Who wou'd strut in *Dandy's* fur?

Who wou'd be a *sneaking* cur?

Who wou'd bear the cowards slur!

He's no man for me.

'Twas on the plain of WATERLOO,

Old England prov'd her courage true,

Where Shaw, he nine Frenchmen slew,

Which many there did see!

To Randall, Turner, and Tom Crib,

Tho' fond of truth, yet love to *fib*,

And on fighting—Schroggy's *glib*—

To increase the list.

Belcher and Eales with science lead,

Oliver's heart is of true breed,

Painter and Harmer *game* indeed;

Those heroes of the fist,

Richmond and Shelton always gay,

And Sutton *show'd* some prime *day's* play,

And Cooper ready ev'ry way—

Milling with glee!

An *Out-an-Outer* is Randall's due,

And Turner's and *Out-an-Outer* too;

Like such *trumps* there are but few—

T'wards Victory!

Of ERIN and CAMBRIA's boast—

An honour to the English coast;

The FANCY's pride, and their toast,

Here's their health so free!

Then join with me in praise to sing,

The bottom of the *milling* ring;

Effeminacy from you fling,

To raise your Country!

CURIOUS SPORTING ADVERTISEMENT.

"A picture of the fancy* going to a fight at Moulsey Hurst, (measuring in length nearly 14 feet) containing numerous Original Characters, many of them portraits; in which all the Frolic, Fun, Lark, Gig, Life, Gammon, and trying-it-on, are depicted, incident to the pursuit of a Prize-Mill: dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Jackson, and the Noblemen and Gentlemen composing the Pugillistic Club.

"The Picture commences with the night before starting, and depicts the interior of the Castle Tavern—Amateurs betting—and the Daffy Club in high Spirits. Also, the Bustle at Peep of Day, in setting off to the Scene of Action. A View of Hyde-Park-Corner. The Road, in all that variety of style and costume which the Sporting World so amply furnishes,—exhibiting the Corinthians, in their bang-up-sets-out of blood and bone; the Swells, Nib Sprigs, and Tidy Ones, in their Tandems, Gigs, and Trotters; the Lads in their Rattlers, Heavy Drags, and Tumblers, including the Bermonsey-boys and Tothilfields Coster-mongers, in all their gradations, down to the Stampers; with some traits of the dashing talents of the Waste-butt part of the Creation—of the Cup-and-Ball

* Published by R. Jones, price 14s. plain, or 1l. coloured, neatly done up in a box for the pocket; or, framed and varnished, 1l. 12s. plain, 1l. 18s. coloured.

Macers—the Nob-Pichers—and the Rampers.—The Turnpike-Gate riggs. A View of the Fancy in full speed through Bushy-Park. Groups of Sporting Characters assembled at Lawrence's, the Red Lion, Hampton. The Amateurs in Boats, crossing the Thames to gain Moulsey Hurst. The grand Climax—the RING, with all its extensive contingencies. The P. C. The Combatants in Action ; with Umpires, Seconds, and Bottle-holders, attending upon Randall and West-County Dick. The Humours of a Bull-Bait for a Silver Collar, a let-loose match ; and the Denouement—a peep at the interior of Tattersall's upon a Settling Day. Throughout the Picture, not a Pink has been overlooked, nor an Out-an-Outer forgotten : the whole forming 'A bit of good Truth.'

"A copious and characteristic KEY accompanies the Picture, written by P. EGAN."*

"For I am nothing, if not 'CHARACTER!'"

* The following note will serve as a specimen of the style. "Notwithstanding the writer of this article most anxiously wishes his KEY should *fit* well, and that every person who is in possession of it should be able, with the utmost ease, to *unlock* the door that affords a *peep* into the movements of the Sporting World: yet rather than attempt to *gammon* any of his readers—*etymology* being out of the question—the only *definition* he can give to the term "DAFFY," is, that the phrase was coined at the *Mint* of the *Fancy*, and has since passed *current*, without ever being overhauled as *queer*. The Colossus of Literature, after all his *nous* and acute researches to explain the *synonyms* of the English Language, does not appear to have been *down* to the interpreta-

THE HORSE.

Wild horses are taken notice of by several of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horses on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia. He likewise tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair, five inches in length. The wild horses in America are the offspring of domestic horses, originally transported thither from Europe, by the Spaniards. The author of the History of the Buccaneers, informs us that troops of horses, sometimes col-

tion of "DAFFY:" nor indeed does BAYLEY or SHERIDAN seem at all *fly* to it; and even *slang* GROSE has no *touch* of its extensive signification. The *squeamish* Fair One who takes it on the *sly* merely to cure the *rapours*, politely names it to her friends as "*White Wine*." The *Swell chaffs* it as "*Blue Ruin*," to elevate his notions. The *Laundress* loves dearly a *drain* of "*Ould Tom*," from its strength to *comfort* her inside. The *drag Fiddler* can *tossoff* a *quartern* of "*Max*" without making a wry mug. The *Coster-monger* illumines his ideas with "*A Flash of Lightning!*" The hoarse Cyprian owes her existence to copious *crafts* of "*Jacky*." The *Link Boy* and *Mud-larks*, in joining their *browns* together, are for some "*Stark Naked*." And the *Out-an-Outers*, from the addition of *Bitters* to it, in order to sharpen up a dissipated and damaged *Victualing Office*, cannot take any thing but "*Fuller's Earth*." Much it should seem, therefore, depends upon a name; and as a soft sound is at all times pleasing to the *listener*—to have denominated this Sporting Society the "*GIN CLUB*," would not only have proved barbarous to the ear, but the vulgarity of the *chant* might have deprived it of many of its *elegant* friends. It is a subject, however, which must be admitted has a good deal of *Taste* belonging to it—and as a Sporting Man would be *nothing* if he was not *flash*, the DAFFY CLUB meet under the above title."

sisting of five hundred, are frequently met with in the island of St. Domingo : that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop. He describes them as having gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives in time to disentangle them.— They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that situation two days, without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally sufficient to render them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild. Even when any of these horses, by accident, regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached and retaken.

From these, and similar facts, it may be concluded, that the dispositions of horses are gentle ; and that they are naturally disposed to associate with man. After they are tamed, they never forsake the abodes of men. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the stable. The sweets of habit seem to supply all that they have lost by slavery. When fatigued, the mansion of repose is full of comfort, they smell at

a considerable distance; can distinguish it in the midst of populous cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By some attention and address, colts are, at first, rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they soon learn to perform with alacrity, the labours assigned them.—The domestication of the horse is, perhaps the noblest acquisition from the animal world, which has ever been made by the genius, the art, and the industry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and seems to enjoy the glory of victory. He even seems to participate of human pleasures and amusements. He delights in the chase and the tournament, and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. Though bold and intrepid, however, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardour. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider; always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies, or stops, and regulates his motions solely by the will of his master.

Mr. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse who danced to music; who at the command of his master, affected to be lame; who simulated death, lay motionless, with his limbs extended,

and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung on his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now acquainted with the wonderful docility of the horses educated by Astley and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility and prompt obedience of the animals deserve more admiration than the dexterous feats of the men.

Next to the horse, the dog seems to be the most docile quadruped. More tractable in his nature than most other animals, the dog not only receives instruction with rapidity but accommodates his behaviour and deportment to the manners and habits of those who command him. He assumes the very tone of the family in which he resides ; eager at all times to please his master or his friends, he furiously repels beggars, because he probably, from their dress conceives them to be either thieves or competitors for food.

The varieties of dogs, by frequent intermixtures with those of other climates, and perhaps with foxes and wolves, are so great, and their instincts so much diversified that, even though they produce with each other, we should be apt to regard them as different species. What a difference between the natural dispositions of the shepherd's dog, the spaniel, and the greyhound ! The shepherd's dog, independently of all instruction, seems to be endowed by na-

ture with an innate attachment to the preservation of sheep and cattle. Three shepherds' dogs are said to be a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

Among these remarkable instances of animal sagacity, may be placed Banks's famous horse, whose renown is alluded to by Shakspeare, "in *Love's Labour Lost*," Act I. Scene III. and by Dekker in his "*Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*." It is related of this horse, that he would restore a glove to its owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin; and even perform the grosser offices of nature, whenever his master bade him. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world, by the wonderful instructions, which he had given to his horse."

THE RACE HORSE.

*From the "Sportsman's Repository."**

The thorough-bred horse, or racer, like the game cock, the bull dog, and the pugilist, are

* A new and elegantly printed work, in quarto, published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. The Engravings, by Scott, are of the finest order of the art, and the drawings of the different animals have all been taken from life, by the first artists. It is also a very cheap book.

the peculiar productions of Britain and Ireland, unequalled for high courage, stoutness of heart, and patient under suffering.

King Herod, a bay horse about fifteen hands three inches high, of great substance, length and power, and fine figure, was bred by old Duke William, and foaled in 1758. He was got by Tartar out of Cypron. There was another Tartar got by Blaze, but Tartar the sire of King Herod was got by Crof's Partner, one of our most famous racers and stallions, out of Meliora by Fox, and she was bred from a line of stout and true runners. Partner, grand-sire of King Herod, was foaled in 1718; he was a chestnut horse, of great power, exquisite symmetry and beauty, and immediately succeeded Flying Childers, as the best horse at Newmarket, giving weight to and beating those of the highest repute, over the course. He was got by Jog, son of the famous Byerly Turk; his pedigree through a list of highly reputed progenitors, concluding with the well-known Old Vintner Mare. Partner died in 1747 aged twenty-nine.

Cypron, King Herod's dam, was got by that powerful and capital racer and stallion, Blaze, a son of Flying Childers, and sire of Sampson, Scrub, and others; that Blaze, of which the Yorkshiremen affirmed, that even half-bred mares would breed racers of him. Out of Sir William, St. Quintin's Selima, a black mare

and true runner, got by Bethell Arabian, and boasting in her lineage, Champion, the Darley Arabian, and Old Martin. King Herod's pedigree consists of the oldest and purest blood, and in order to obtain a capital racer, a real kill-devil, *rara avis* upon our modern sod, choose mares with the greatest possible portion of Herod blood, deep in the girth, long and full in the arm and thigh, short in the leg, standing clear and even upon the feet, wide and spreading in the hinder quarters—send such mares to Sorcerer, Thunderbolt, or Smolensko—and if we are not much out in our judgment, some of such breeders will have to say prob. est (finger point.) If any prince, noble, or gentleman, should successfully make the experiment aforesaid, and should in consequence, send to the author a hogshead of prime Oriental Madeira, the said author's acceptance of the Madeira, will be found the least part of the difficulty.

Herod, like Childers and Eclipse, did not start upon the course until five years old, whence probably a certain argument takes something. He never ran any where but at Newmarket, Ascot-heath, and York, and always over the course, of four miles, stoutness or game, and ability to any weight, being his play. He ran five times for a thousand guineas each race, and won three of them. His losing two, might be on account of reasons which now and then occur upon the turf. The last race he won was

against Ascham, a curious one, from the circumstance of two aged horses carrying feathers, five stone even, and six stone. He had previously burst a blood-vessel in his head, whilst running the last mile over York, for the Subscription Purse against Bay Malton and others. He won several matches for five hundred guineas, and a sweepstake of three hundred guineas, nine subscribers.

The fame of this racer, as a stallion in the Turf Register, is truly splendid. In nineteen years, namely, from 1771, to 1789, four hundred and ninety-seven of his sons and daughters won their proprietors, in plates, matches, and sweep-stakes, the sum of two hundred and one thousand, five hundred and five pounds, nine shillings, exclusive of some thousands won between 1774 and 1786. Herod was the sire of the celebrated Highflyer, bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, which was never beaten; and which, like his sire, had a great stride, and game was his best. Herod also got some of the speediest horses of their day, as Woodpecker, Bourdeaux, Anvil, Hummer, Sting, Adamant, Plunder, Quicksand, Runtipole, Whipcord, and many others. Tuberon, Guilford, and Latona, were rare examples of the family stoutness, and Laburnum was an excellent and useful racer. The list of brood mares got by Herod is extensive indeed. We know but one restive horse of Herod's get, Mr. Vernon's Prince, which we

recollect of seeing ridden at Newmarket, in a prickly bridle. King Herod first covered the property of Sir John Moore, Bart. at ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom. In 1774, his price rose to twenty-five guineas and ten shillings, at which it remained till his death, which happened on May 12, 1780, in the twenty second year of his age. He was so shamefully neglected in his latter days, and his body so encrusted with dung and filth, that it is said, the immediate cause of his death was a mortification in his sheath. Many such later instances are known of covering stallions neglected in a similar way; and a famous son of Herod, exhausted by excess of covering, died after three days protracted agonies. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, formerly allowed the breeders in the vicinity of his residence in Hants, the use of a well-bred stallion gratis, excepting the groom's fee of a crown. The consequence was, the horse often covered, or attempted to cover, twelve mares in a day. We had a foal or two from this exhausted stallion, the most wretched, puny, spindleshanked animals to be imagined. Facts like these should be published, and kept alive in the memories of those whom they concern.

EPITAPH ON A HORSE.

In the park at Goatherst, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, the seat of Sir Charles Tynne,

Bart. is erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse.

The monument is decorated with the various trappings and accoutrements with which that animal was commonly arrayed; and in the centre are the following lines:

To the memory of one who was remarkably steady,
these stones are erected.

What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished;

His deportment was graceful, nay noble;

The ladies admired, and followed him;

By application, he gained applause.

His abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily
the divine, the lawyer and the statesman
into his own smooth track.

Had he lived in the days of Charles I. the cavaliers
would not have refused his assistance, for to the reins of due
government he was always obedient.

He was a favourite, yet at times felt the wanton
lash of lawless power.

After a life of laborious servitude, performed, like Clarendon's,
with unimpeached fidelity,

he, like that great man, was turned out of employment,
stript of all trappings, without place or pension:

Yet being endued with a generous forgiving temper, saint-like,
not dreading futurity, he placidly met the hand
appointed to be his assassin.

Thus he died—an example to all mortals under the wide
expanded canopy of heaven.

THE ASS AND MULE.

From the "Sportsman's Repository."

The asinine horse (*equus asinus*) or Ass, forms a problem not easily solved. The ass is originally a native of hot and dry countries, and surely of all quadrupeds one of the most genuine inhabitants of the desert, from his abili-

ty to subsist upon the most scanty herbage. In his wild state, like the hog, he is comparatively speedy, even fierce, and courageous, and the natural enemy or rival of the horse. Even the domesticated ass shows a kind of savage fierceness and resolution in defence of her foal: but he is not that stupid and senseless animal, which ignorance and cruelty represent him; on the contrary, his sagacity is eminent, and his affection and gratitude warm and lively, when adequately excited. Slavery and tyranny brutalize equally the man and the ass. The humble ass and his slow and patient labours and trifling cost, either for purchase or keep seem to have been overlooked in this country, until the reign of Elizabeth, in the course of which they came into common use. There have been solitary instances of asses which were *goers*. In the year 1763, at Colchester, the ass belonging to the stage coach master, had carried for two years successively, the post boy with the mail between that town and the Metropolis, a distance of fifty-one miles. He was a common bred English ass, but of a good size. Also, an ass was matched to run one hundred miles in twelve hours, over the Round Course, Newmarket, which he performed, incited thereto by a mare going before him, which he had covered the previous day. One of the chief recommendations of the ass, is his ability to do moderate labour upon such unexpensive keep. But his performances would

be of far greater account if well fed with corn, and his size and ability to labour might be greatly increased, were it thought worth while to improve his breed : in opposition to which, it is urged, that to improve his breed would be to detract from his utility, as after incurring nearly the expense of a horse, you would at last obtain but an ass.

THE MASTIFF.

This description of dog is peculiar to England, where they are principally of use as watch dogs ; a duty which they discharge not only with great fidelity, but frequently with considerable judgment. Some of them will suffer a stranger to come into the yard they are appointed to guard, and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as they continue to touch nothing ; but the moment he attempts to touch any of the goods, or endeavours to leave the place, the animal informs him by gentle growling, or, if that is ineffectual, by harsher means, that he must neither do mischief nor go away, and seldom uses violence unless resisted : even in this case he will sometimes seize the person, throw him down, and hold him three or four hours, or until relieved, without biting him.

A most extraordinary instance of memory in a mastiff is related by M. D'Obsonville. This dog, which he had brought up in India, from

two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues. "Our journey (he says) occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several by-paths, and the animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beylier then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now the difficulty is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month. This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

The mastiff is extremely bold and courageous. Stow relates an instance of a contest between three of them and a lion, in the presence of King James the First. One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, which took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about; another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner: but the third being put in immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time: till, being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly

exhausted in the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds : the last survived, and was taken great care of by the king's son ; who said—"He who had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature."

THE TERRIER.

From the "Sportsman's Repository,"

Terriers are the necessary attendants of a pack of fox-hounds for the purpose of *unearthing* the fox ; thence, from the Latin word *terra*, the earth, they are called *Terriers*. They are also used to hunt the badger, indeed in all the vermin hunts ; and for the purposes of *baiting* and the diversion of dog-fighting. The rough short legged terrier particularly, is very slow, but all have great powers of continuance. The *smooth*, or those with most of the hound cross, are best to run with the pack. Mr. *Daniel* relates a match with a terrier against time in 1794, in which the dog, a small one, ran six miles—the first mile in two minutes, the second in four, the third in six, the fourth in eight, and fifth and sixth in eighteen minutes. He afterwards ran six miles in thirty-two minutes—an immense falling off doubtless, considering his wonderful speed, and the known stoutness of the terrier. Perhaps this terrier might have a grey-hound

cross in him according to the old notion remarked above ; but another *perhaps* will be fully appropriate, that either the watch-maker or the watch-holder might be unsteady ; for the idea of a terrier running a mile in two-minutes, is not very *reconcilable* to our daily experience.

Another story is told of the terrier still more incredible. A terrier of a valuable breed was sent from the Isle of Arran, N. B. confined in a coach, to South Audley Street, in London. The Dog remained contented three days, and disappeared on the fourth morning. After ineffectual search and reward offered, it was ascertained that on the fifth day of his being missed from London, he had arrived at his old home in *Arran*, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, exclusive of seven miles across the sea ; and this wonderful dog must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles, each day and night, and afterwards swam nearly seven miles over the sea, from the main land of Scotland to the Isle of Arran, without being noticed either upon land or water, by man, woman, or child. It seems the strictest inquiry was made to no purpose, whether the dog had been crossing the water, or had sliely got a passage in the boat. Terriers do not take water very readily, at any rate, are never inclined to remain in it long, or swim far. Now the most satisfactory way, we apprehend, of reconciling our-

selves to this marvellous relation, and in all such cases, is to determine that it is far more probable, the search should have failed, than the dog succeeded in swimming seven miles, and in so short a time. All wonderful stories require consideration previous to credit.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE FOX.

By Mr. Pennant, and other eminent Writers.

The Fox is a native of almost every quarter of the globe, and is of such a wild nature, that it is impossible fully to tame him. He is esteemed the most sagacious and most crafty of all beasts of prey. The former quality he shows in his mode of providing himself an asylum, where he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young—and his craftiness is discovered by his schemes to catch lambs, geese, hens, and all kinds of small birds. The Fox, if possible, fixes his abode on the border of a wood, in the neighbourhood of some farm or village. He listens to the crowing of the cocks and the cries of the poultry; he scents them at a distance; he chooses his time with judgment; he conceals his road as well as his design; he slips forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. If he can leap the wall, or get in underneath, he ravages the courtyard, puts all to death, and retires softly with his prey, which he either hides under the herb-

age, or carries off to his kennel. He returns in a few minutes for another, which he carries off or conceals in the same manner, but in a different place. In this way he proceeds till the progress of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, advertise him that it is time to suspend his operations, and to retire to his den. He plays the same game with the catchers of thrushes, woodcocks, &c. He visits the nets and bird-lime very early in the morning, carries off successively the birds which are entangled, and lays them in different places, especially by the sides of highways, in the furrows, under the herbage or brushwood, where they sometimes lie two or three days; but he knows perfectly where to find them when he is in need. He hunts the young hares in the plains, seizes old ones in their seats, digs out the rabbits in the warrens, discovers the nests of partridges and quails, seizes the mother on the eggs, and destroys a vast quantity of game. He is exceedingly voracious, and when other food fails him, makes war against rats, field mice, serpents, lizards and toads. Of these he destroys vast numbers, and this is the only service that he appears to do to mankind. When urged by hunger, he will also eat roots or insects, and the foxes near the coasts will devour crabs, shrimps, or shell fish. In France and Italy they do no incredible mischief, by feeding on grapes, of which they are extremely fond.

Of all animals, the Fox has the most significant eye, by which is expressed every passion of love, fear, hatred, &c. He is remarkably playful, but like all savage creatures half reclaimed, will, on the least offence, bite even those with whom he is most familiar. He is never to be fully tamed: he languishes when deprived of liberty; and, if kept too long in a domestic state, he dies of chagrin. When abroad, he is often seen to amuse himself with his fine bushy tail, running sometimes for a considerable while in circles to catch it. In cold weather he wraps it about his nose.

The Fox is very common in Japan. The natives believe him to be animated by the devil, and their historical and sacred writings are all full of strange accounts respecting him.

He possesses astonishing acuteness of smell. During winter he makes an almost continual yelping, but in summer, when he sheds his hair, he is for the most part silent.

STREET WALKER, A CELEBRATED FIGHTING DOG.

From Bell's Weekly Despatch, May 12, 1816.

"This celebrated dog, who conquered Col. Barclay's fine brindled dog, near Bristol, for 100 guineas, is matched to fight in the course of a fortnight, in the neighbourhood of Westminster. The Colonel's dog had beat every thing opposed to him, and was considered so prime an article, that two to one was strongly betted on

him previous to his set-to with Street Walker; but to the great astonishment of the sporting world, the latter won the stakes in twenty-two minutes. The Spanish wolf-dog, whose great ferocity and strength were thought to be unequalled, was also beaten by Street Walker, at Paddington, for twenty-five guineas a side, in fifteen minutes, though ten to one had been betted on the Spaniard. Four other dogs, of nearly equal qualities with those above mentioned, Street Walker also very soon conquered, and in the whole of his career, thirty matches, he has always proved the victor. Street Walker is now matched against Oliver's (the pugilist's) black tan dog—as game an article in combat, it appears, as his manly owner. This black dog has fought numerous matches, in all of which he has triumphed so severely, that most of his opponents were never able to leave the field afterwards. The above match is for twenty guineas a side; but Street Walker is the favourite five to four. The latter is eleven years of age, and weight forty-one pounds and a half; the black tan dog is only two years old, and is about thirty-nine pounds in weight. Street Walker is of the brindled species, with a face resembling a calf; he is training at Pinner, and has a peculiarity about him rather singular, and not altogether unworthy of observation. It generally happens with Street Walker, for three or four days previous to his combats, that after his

training exercise is over in the morning, it seems as if he possessed an innate sort of feeling of the advantages to be gained, by taking care of himself for the fray, by going to sleep so soundly that his trainer can scarcely awake him from his drowsiness to take refreshment, till the time has arrived to commence offensive operations, when he enters the field with the greatest activity and vigour. The owner of Street Walker is determined this shall be his last combat, whether he proves successful or not—and on account of his past services, that he shall in future be laid up in ordinary."

ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN STREET WALKER AND BOXER.

From the same Sporting Newspaper.

"The match between these two celebrated dogs for fifty guineas took place, on Wednesday evening last, May 23, at the Amphitheatre, Duck Lane, Westminster, admittance 2s. each person. The fame of these game animals had excited such an uncommon degree of curiosity among the Canine Fancy, that the doors of the Amphitheatre were closely besieged at an early period, in order to obtain a good seat to witness the movements of attack and defence exhibited by these sagacious milling quadrupeds. The audience were anxiety itself, and conglomerated together in one rude squeeze, from the high sporting bit of blood trimmed out

in all the swell paraphernalia of tremendous cossacks and tight body-fit upper tog, jostling against Knights of the Rainbow—Natty coachmen—milling coves, &c. down to the flash costermonger! It was one of Nature's primeest moments—Pride forgot her place—and Equality reigned paramount. If no Jury were considered necessary to the decision of this sporting cause—a greater collection of good judges never mustered on any bench; and however the technicality of phrase might have bothered the gigs of the uninformed in the higher shops of learning, the lingo promulgated here upon this occasion, would have left the late Horne Tooke, with his vast researches to acquire the English language, completely in the dark.—The time was at length arrived—

“And you ye judges bear a wary eye.”

The hero of Shepperton first appeared in the square, with Boxer under his arm, and requested that every thing fair might take place between the parties—Street Walker, in about a minute afterwards, was produced, under the special care of a Knight of the Cleaver. Umpires were appointed and took their places, and the set-to commenced. Street Walker was not long in bringing down Boxer, and began to show off his experience in the art of fighting; but Boxer soon recovered himself and floored the old dog in return, and continued the advantage for some time when the bets materially altered. It is im-

possible to describe the exact minutiae of this mill ; but suffice it to say, that after fighting for twenty-five minutes, during which time alternate advantages were obtained, but Street Walker generally kept the lead, when he at length, from his great exertions, was brought down by Boxer in so distressed a state, that it almost appeared he would never be able to rise again ; and Boxer stood panting over him incapable, as it were, of administering any more punishment. The dogs however parted, and after a little handling by their seconds immediately returned to the charge. Street Walker again took the lead, got Boxer down, and tried with much sagacity to disable his legs. Gayer animals could not have been brought to face each other ; and Boxer must be considered a prime article. Changes took place frequently, and the bets varied ; but upon the whole Street Walker seemed the most likely animal to win the match. Three more rounds were contested, and the old dog went away much exhausted ; and Boxer was equally languid and distressed. Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed, and the dogs were under the care of their seconds, when several persons cried out "Time, time," but the attendant upon Street Walker not having the proper notice given him by the time-keeper appointed, held his dog, waiting for the signal ; when the second of Boxer took him in his arms, declaring that Street Walker had lost the match by his not being able to come

again. "It appears, that the "time keeper's stop-watch, wanted sixteen seconds of the minute." But no referee being appointed to give the decisive voice, the above match ended in a wrangle.—Boxer, it appears, is not likely to recover.

THE SPORTING STALLION SPANKER.

The following advertisement was handed about among the gentlemen of the Turf, on the second day of Epsom races—

"On Saturday next, at twelve, will be sold by Auction, by Mr. O'Shaughnessy, at the sign of the High-Mettled Racer, in Skibberton, the strong, stanch, steady, stout, sound, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, well-sized, well-shaped, sorrel steed of superlative symmetry, styled *Spanker*, with small star and snip, square sided, slender shouldered, sharp sighted, and steps singularly stately—free from strain, spavin, spasm, stringhalt, stanguary, sciatica, staggers, scouring, strangles, sallenders, surfeit, stams, strumour, swelling, scratches, starfoot, splint, squint, squirt, scurf, scabs, scars, sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling gait, or symptoms of sickness of any sort—he is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, saddle-galled, sling-gutted, surbated, skin-scabbed, short-winded, slay-footed, or shoulder-slipped, and is sound in

the sword point, and stifle-joint—has neither sick, spleen, sitfast, snagle teeth, sandcrack, staring coat, swelled sheath, nor shattered hoofs—nor is he sour, sulky, surly, stubborn, or sullen in temper—neither shy nor skittish, slow, sluggish, nor stupid—he never slips, trips, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, snuffles, snorts, stumbles, or stocks in the stables, and scarcely or seldom sweats—has a showy, stylish, switch tail, and a safe, strong set of shoes on—can feed on soil, stubble, sainfoin, sheaf oats, straw, sedge, or scutch grass—carries sixteen stone, with surprising speed in his stroke, over a sixfoot sod or stone wall.—His sire was the Sly Sobersides, on a sister of Spindleshanks, by Sampson, a sporting son of Sparkler, who won the sweepstakes and subscription plate last season at Sligo. His selling price sixty-seven pounds, sixteen shillings, and six-pence sterling.”

THE OTTER.

The description of this animal, and the mode of destroying it, are mentioned, on account of its being so inveterate a foe to the fisherman's amusement; for the otter is as destructive in a pond, as a pole-cat in a hen-house. This animal seems to link the chain of gradation, between terrestrial and aquatic creatures, resembling the former in its shape, and the latter, in being able to remain for a considerable space of time under water, and in being furnished

with membranes like *fins* between the toes, which enable it to swim with such rapidity, as to overtake fish in their own element: the otter, however, properly speaking, is not amphibious, he is not formed for continuing in the water, since, like other terrestrial creatures, he requires the aid of respiration; for if, in pursuit of his prey, he accidentally gets entangled in a net, and has not time to cut with his teeth the sufficient number of meshes to effectuate his escape, he is drowned. The usual length of the otter, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is twenty-three inches; of the tail itself (which is broad at the insertion, and tapers to a point) sixteen; the weight of the male from eighteen to twenty-six, or the female from thirteen to twenty-two pounds.

One in October, 1794, was snared in the river Lea, between Ware and Hertford, which weighed upwards of forty pounds. The head and nose are broad and flat, the eyes are brilliant, although small, are nearer the nose than is usual in quadrupeds, and placed in such a manner, as to discern every object that is above, which gives the otter a singular aspect, not unlike the eel; but this property of seeing what is above, gives it a particular advantage when lurking at the bottom for its prey, as the fish cannot discern any object under them, and the otter seizing them from beneath, by the belly, readily takes any number with little exertion; the ears are ex-

tremely short, and their orifice narrow ; the opening of the mouth is small, the lips are capable of being brought very close together, somewhat resembling the mouth of a fish, are very muscular, and designed to close the mouth firmly, while in the action of diving, and the nose and corners of the mouth are furnished with very long whiskers : it has thirty-six teeth, six cutting, and two canine above and below ; of the former, the middlemost are the least ; it has, besides, five grinders on each side in both jaws. The legs are very short, but remarkably broad and muscular, the joints, articulated so loosely, that the otter can turn them quite back, and bring them on a line with its body, and use them as fins ; each foot has five toes, connected by strong webbs like those of a water-fowl ; thus, nature, in every particular, has attended to the way of life allotted to an animal, whose food is fish, and whose haunts must necessarily be about waters. The otter has no heel, but a round ball under the sole of the foot, by which its track in the mud is easily distinguished, and is termed the *seal*. The general shape of the otter is somewhat similar to that of an overgrown weasel, being long and slender ; its colour is entirely a deep brown, except two small spots of white on each side the nose, and one under the chin ; the skin is valuable, if killed in the winter, and makes gloves more durable, and which at the same time will retain their pliancy and softness,

after being repeatedly wetted, beyond any other leather.

The otter destroys large quantities of fish, for he will eat none, unless it be perfectly fresh, and what he takes himself; by his mode of eating them he causes a still greater consumption. So soon as the otter catches a fish, he drags it on shore, devours it to the *vent*, but, unless pressed by extreme hunger, always leaves the remainder, and takes to the water in quest of more. In rivers it is always observed to swim against the stream, to meet its prey; it has been asserted, two otters will hunt in concert that active fish the salmon; one stations itself above, the other below where the fish lies, and being thus chased incessantly, the wearied salmon becomes their victim. To suppose the otter never uses the sea, is a mistake, for they have been seen in it, both swimming and seeking for their booty in it, and which in the Orkneys, has been observed to be cod and conger.

In very hard weather, when its natural sort of food fails, the otter will kill lambs, sucking pigs, and poultry, and one was caught in a warren, where he had come to prey on the rabbits.

The hunting of the otter was formerly considered as excellent sport, and hounds were kept solely for that purpose. The chase of the otter has still, however, its stanch admirers, who are apparently as zealous in this pursuit as in any other we read of. In 1796, near Bridgnorth,

on the river Worse, four otters were killed ; one stood three, another four hours, before the dogs, and was scarcely a minute out of sight. The hearts, &c. were eaten by many respectable people who attended the hunt, and allowed to be very delicate ; the carcasses were also eaten by the men employed, and found to be excellent.—What is a little extraordinary, the account does not state, that the partakers of this hard-earned fare were Carthusians.

THE WEASEL.

The hare has no enemy more fatal than the *Weasel*, which will follow and terrify into a state of absolute imbecility, when it gives itself up without resistance, at the same time making piteous outcries. The weasel seizes its prey near the head, the bite is mortal, although the wound is so small, that the entrance of the teeth is scarcely perceptible ; a hare, or rabbit, bit in this manner, is never known to recover, but lingers for some time, and dies.

The common weasel is the least animal of this species, the disproportionate length and height of the little animals which compose this class, are their chief characteristics, and are alone sufficient to distinguish them from all other carnivorous quadrupeds ; the length of the wolf in proportion to its height, is as one and a half to one ; that of the weasel is nearly as four to one, the weasel never exceeds seven

inches in length, from the nose to the tail, which is only two inches and a half long, ends in a point, and adds considerably to the apparent length of the body; the height of the weasel is not above two inches and a half, so that it is almost four times as long as it is high: the most prevailing colour is a pale tawney brown, resembling cinnamon, on the back, sides, and legs; the throat and belly white; beneath the corners of the mouth, on each jaw, is a spot of brown; the eyes are small, round and black; the ears broad and large, and from a fold at the lower part, have the appearance of being double; it has likewise whiskers like a cat, but has two more teeth than any of the cat kind, having thirty two in number, and these well adapted for tearing and chewing its food. The motion of the weasel consists of unequal bounds, or leaps, and in climbing a tree it gains a height of some feet from the ground, by a single spring; in the same precipitate manner it jumps upon its prey, and possessing great flexibility of body, easily evades the attempts of much stronger animals to seize it. We are told, that an eagle having pounced upon a weasel, mounted into the air with it, and was soon after observed to be in great distress: the little animal had extricated itself so much from the eagle's hold as to be able to fasten upon the throat, which presently brought the eagle to the ground, and gave the weasel an opportunity of escaping. Its

activity is remarkable, and it will run up the sides of a wall with such facility, that no place is secure from it. The weasel also preys in silence, and never utters any cry, except when it is struck, when it expresses resentment, or pain by a rough kind of squeaking. It is useful to the farmer in winter, by clearing his barns and granaries of rats and mice.

The weasel sleeps in its hole during the greater part of the day, and evening is the chief time when it begins its depredation; it then may be seen stealing from its retreat, and creeping about in search of prey, which extends to all the eggs it can meet with, and it not unfrequently destroys the bird that tries to defend them. If it enter the hen-roost, the chickens are sure to fall victims; it does not there often attack the cocks, or old hens, nor does it devour what it kills on the spot, but drags it off, to eat at leisure.

THE STOAT.

This animal, which is equally agile and mischievous with the weasel in the pursuit and destruction of the hare, and all other sorts of game, poultry, and eggs, has, from its habits and the small difference in shape from the weasel, been often described under the same denomination. Its height is about two inches; the tail five and a half, very hairy and the points tipped with black; the edges of the ears

and ends of the toes are of a yellowish white ; in other respects it perfectly resembles the weasel in colour and form. In the most northern parts of Europe, the stoat regularly changes its colour in winter, and becomes perfectly white, except the end of the tail, which remains invariably black. It is then called the ermine ; the fur is valuable; and is sold in the country where caught, from two or three pound sterling per hundred.—The animal is either taken in traps, made of two flat stones, or shot with blunt arrows.

The stoat is sometimes found white during the winter season in Great Britain, and is then commonly called the white weasel. Its fur, however, having neither the thickness, the closeness, or the whiteness, of those which come from Siberia, is with us, of little value.

To destroy these worst of all four-footed vermin to game in its infant state, the following mode is recommended :—Provide small square-made steel traps, with a small chain and iron peg to fix them down ; get two drachms of musk, shoot some small birds, and dip the tail of these birds in the musk ; tie one on the plate of each trap, and set in the hedges, or where it is suspected they frequent ; this will soon reduce the number, should it be ever so considerable ; if it so happen, that no musk is immediately to be got, the trap must be

baited with a piece of rabbit ; and it should be remembered, that this bait cannot be too stale.

THE LATE COLONEL MELLISH.

Distinguished for his superior breed of cattle of all sorts ; and the avowed patron of every diversion connected with the Sporting World.

Every life contains some useful precept, and every human circumstance has its moral. This purpose cannot fail to be fulfilled in contemplating the life of Colonel Mellish.

Very few persons in England have filled a larger space in the public notice than the above gentleman : and it was not confined to one class of men or to another, but every part of society had known, seen, or heard of Colonel Mellish.—There were very few things which he had not attempted, and nearly as few in which he had not eminently succeeded. To him the words of the Roman orator might well have been applied :

“Nihil erat quod non teliget : et quod teliget, non ornavit.”

Colonel Mellish, was the son of Mr. Mellish, of Blythe, near Doncaster in Yorkshire, from whom he inherited the large mansion and estate around it, situated at the village of Blythe. At an early age, Colonel Mellish was sent to a public school, where the ardency of his temper and the uncontrollable nature of his mind, were found very difficult for a master to manage. His abilities however, were such, that he had acquired a sufficient acquaintance with the clas-

sics to qualify him for any line he might have chosen to adopt, and which he afterwards evinced in the different pursuits he followed. He became an officer in the 11th regiment of Light Dragoons; from which he afterwards removed into the Prince's own regiment, the 10th Hus-sars.

Shortly after this period, Colonel Mellish came into the full command of his property before the attainment of years and discretion had enabled him to manage it. Nature, however, seemed to have qualified him for taking a lead in every thing, and to have given him a temperament so ardent, as made it impossible for him ever—"to come in second."

He distinguished himself upon the turf; and the best trainers have declared that they never knew a man who so accurately knew the powers, the qualities, and capabilities of the racer, the exact weights he could carry, and the precise distances he could run, so well as Col. Mellish.

But it was not on the turf alone he thus eminently distinguished himself; he was, in his day, one of the best whips of the time; no man drove four-in-hand with more skill and with less labour than he did; and to display that skill, he often selected very difficult horses to drive, satisfied if they were *goers*.—As a rider he was equally eminent; he had the art of making a horse do more than other riders, and he accustomed them like himself—"to go at every thing."

A mind incessantly on the alert like his, was not likely to let pass, without engaging it, any leading feature of the times. He was therefore, at one time, the patron of all the superior pugilists, many of whom he first brought into notice.—He introduced Tom Crib into his first battle with Nicholl, who beat him, the Colonel having made the match; but he found Crib, when he was brought into the ring, very drunk, and of course he fell an easy prey to his antagonist, whom in future days he would have beaten in ten minutes. Such was the unfortunate out-set of Tom Crib, the Champion of England!—But he has lived to wipe away the stain.—Colonel Mellish likewise made the match betwixt Gully and the Game Chicken; the former of whom he made “give in,” much against his inclination; and by which the Colonel lost a large sum, as he backed Gully, but he insisted upon his yielding as he was reduced to that state of weakness, that an accidental blow might have proved fatal.

In fact, he was their principal patron, and they appeared to look upon him as their treasurer. But, at this period, it was not one line of expense that swallowed up his property. The high-bred racer, when winning every thing on the turf, is then satisfied. He is not at the same time a hunter, a hack, or a carriage horse; but Col. Mellish would be every thing at once—he was “at all in the ring;” till by deep play,

by racing, and expences of every kind, and in every place, he made it necessary to have his estate sold, to satisfy the demands which were made upon him.

Col. Mellish was at this time in the Prince Regent's own regiment, the 10th Hussars, and shortly afterwards Gen. Sir Rowland Ferguson appointed him his Aid-de-Camp, and with him he went to the Peninsular war.

A circumstance somewhat whimsical happened at this period. Previous to the battle of Vimiera, as the General Officers were dining together, one of them observed to Sir Rowland Ferguson, that "If the thing were not impossible, he should have declared, from the similitude, he had left that gentleman a week or two ago in the cockpit at York, and engaged in the main there—his name Mr. Mellish."—"The very same man," returned Sir Rowland, "he is now my Aid-de-camp, and I think you will say, when you have the opportunity of knowing more of him, a better officer will not be found." The Duke of Wellington declared a better Aid-de-camp than Col. Mellish he had never observed.

After remaining some time with the armies abroad, Col. Mellish returned home, and after that period engaged no more in military duties.

The Prince Regent, who has been accused too often of forgetting those who have served him, certainly did not verify this reproach in the case of Col. Mellish; for on his having obtained a

small appointment abroad in one of the conquered islands, the Prince made him his Equerry, in order to make him enjoy the emoluments of it, and to remain at home.

On his return, the uncles of Col. Mellish, who had undertaken the management of his property when he was abroad, enabled him, by their arrangements, to return to the place where he had occasionally lived, and where he died at last—to his farm at Hodsack Priory.—In passing to this farm, he had likewise to pass the magnificent mansion and grounds at Blythe, the seat of his ancestors, formerly his own.

That at this period all castles were above the circumstances of Col. Mellish, is most certain ; but we believe it equally certain he adapted himself "*equo animo*" to his circumstances, and visited his humbler mansion at Hodsack Priory, fitted in the cottage style, in the most tasteful manner, without any mortifying regrets that he had once possessed a finer seat. Having married one of the daughters of the Marchioness of Landsdown, who brought him a very handsome fortune, his circumstances again became easy, and he was enabled to indulge in those rural pursuits which appear early and late to have been congenial to his disposition. He had very capital greyhounds, but which, during his absence abroad, had been neglected or forgotten ; but on his return, from his perfect knowledge in the crossing of breeds, he established a stud

of greyhounds equal to any man. He had many of the Snowball blood, and some from a Norfolk dog of the name of Arrow, purchased at a very high price.

As a breeder of cattle, of the improved kinds, he displayed very uncommon judgment; and, short as the time was that was given him, for bringing them to perfection, he had done so most completely. At most of the great cattle-shows in the north, he had carried off the prizes, and sold some of his sort at as high prices as were ever known. In fact, in every thing he undertook he had a nice and discriminating taste, an unwearied diligence in research, and a resolution to obtain whatever he saw was excellent in its kind. In addition to this, he was free from prejudice, that great enemy of knowledge, and was of all men the most ready to allow in all others what was really good.

In the various ornamental accomplishments of life he was not less admirable. He understood music, he drew beautifully, and painted well in oil colours; and, as a companion, he was always in spirits and animated on every subject. His conversation, if not abounding in wit, was ever full of information, not taken up fancifully on theory, but founded on fact and experience. It was impossible to hear him talk on any subject, and not to go away improved; he had a manner of telling and acting a story that was perfectly dramatic; and as he well knew the tone of polished society, and could adapt him-

self to the lowest, he was never out of his element. He could talk with the gentleman and associate with the farmer.

In one of the beautiful epilogues, which Garrick wrote and spoke in the close of his theatrical life, he observed,

In five and forty years, the spirits cool—

That time is long enough to play the fool.

To such a period Col. Mellish did not live. The flame of his mind, which was never suffered to go out, was too ardent not to consume itself and to burn the lamp which contained it. In the year prior to his death his constitution was evidently sinking, but his spirits remained unimpaired, and to the latest moments in which he could exercise any activity, he fought up against his disorder, which was a confirmed dropsy, and which, after a painful struggle of two days, terminated his existence.

THE LATE CAPTAIN O'KELLY.

Delicacy to survivors, and a desire to avoid the introduction of a line that can give offence, renders unnecessary the task of biographical minutiae, and enables us to pass over (as unconnected with the purport) his origin, and the days of juvenility, to accompany him to those scenes where he was the subject of popularity, and the very life and spirit of good company.

To analyze the means by which he was im-

merged from those dreary walls in the more dreary environs of Fleet-market, to a scene of princely splendour (by a "hazard of the die," with the last desponding hundred, then reluctantly consigned by his far frail friend C——H——'s) is not the intent of the present a page to recite; or to moralize with admiration upon the vicissitudes that alternately raise us to the summit of prosperity, and then penetrate the bosom of sensibility with the barbed arrow of adversity. Let it suffice, that his bitter draughts were few, and of short duration: what little disquietude he experienced in the infancy of his adventures, was amply compensated by the affluence of his latter years, in which he enjoyed the gratification of his only ambition, that of being, before he died, the most opulent and most successful adventurer upon the turf,—a circumstance not calculated to create surprise, when it is recollected, that his own penetration, his indefatigable industry, his nocturnal watching, his personal superintendence, and eternal attention, had reduced to a system of certainty with him, what was neither more nor less than a matter of chance with his competitors.

He had, by the qualifications just recited, possessed himself of every requisite to practise, (if necessary) consequently to counteract, the various astonishing and almost incredible deceptions in the sporting world, that have reduced so very many to the dark abyss of extreme po-

verty, and exalted very few to the exhilarating scenes of domestic comfort. Under such accumulated acquisitions, resulting from long experience and attentive observation, it cannot be thought extraordinary that he should become greatly superior to his numerous competitors, where the successful termination of the event was dependent upon such judgment in making a match, or the interposition of art in deciding it.

It is a matter, not universally known (even in the sporting world,) how very much he felt himself wounded, in a repeated rejection of his application to be admitted in some of the clubs instituted and supported by those of the higher order, as well at Newmarket as in the metropolis. These were indignities he never lost sight of, and which he embraced every opportunity to acknowledge and compensate by the equitable law of retaliation. Of this fact numerous corroborative proofs might be introduced; one, however, of magnitude and notoriety, will be sufficient to produce conviction.

The better to expedite his own superiority, and to carry his well planned schemes into successful execution, and in order to render himself less dependent upon the incredible herd of necessitous sharks and determined desperate harpies, that surround every newly initiated adventurer, and are unavoidably employed in all the subordinate offices of the turf and training stables, he had (upon making some important discoveries in family secrets) determined to re-

tain exclusive of sudden and occasional changes, when circumstances require it, one rider or (or jockey,) at a certain annual stipend, to ride for him, whenever ordered so to do, for any plate, match or sweepstakes, but with the privilege of riding for any other person, provided he had no horse entered to run for the same prize. Having adjusted such arrangement in his own mind, and fixed upon the intended object of his trust, he communicated his design, and entered upon negotiation; when the moneyed terms being proposed he not only instantly acquiesced, but voluntarily offered to double them, provided he would enter into an engagement, and bind himself under a penalty, never to ride for any of the black-legged fraternity. The consenting jockey saying, "He was at a loss, to a certainty, who the Captain meant by the black-legged fraternity."—he instantly replied, with his usual energy, "O, by Jasus, my dear, and I'll soon make you understand who I mean by the black legged fraternity! There's the D. of G. the Duke of D. Lord A. Lord D. Lord G. Lord C. Lord F. the Right Hon. A. B. C D. and C. J. F. and all the set of the *thaves* that belong to their *humbug* societies and *up aboo* clubs, where they can meet and rob one another without detection.

This curious definition of the black-legged fraternity, is a proof, sufficiently demonstrative, how severely he felt himself affected by the re-

jection, in consequence of which he embraced every opportunity of saying any thing to excite their irascibility, as well as to encounter every difficulty and expense to obtain that pre-eminence upon the turf he afterwards became possessed of. Dining at the stewards' ordinary at Burford races, in the year 1775, (Lord Robert Spencer in the chair,) when those races continued four days (now reduced to two,) Lord Abingdon and many other noblemen being present, matches and sweepstakes, as usual after dinner, were proposed, and entered into for the following year. Amongst the rest, one between Lord A. and Mr. Baily, of Rambridge, in Hampshire, for 300 guineas h. ft. when the captain being once or twice appealed to by Mr. B. in adjusting the terms, Lord A. happened to exclaim "that he, and the gentlemen on his side the table, ran for honour; the captain and his friends for profit."—The match being at length agreed upon in terms not conformable to the captain's opinion, and he applied to by B. to stand half, the captain vociferously replied, "No; but if the match had been made cross and jostle, as I proposed, I would have not only stood all the money, but have brought a spalpeen from Newmarket, no higher than a two-penny foal, that should, by Jasus! have driven his lordship's horse and jockey into the furzes, and have kept him there for three weeks."

It was his usual custom to carry a great num-

ber of bank-notes in his waistcoat pocket, whisped up together with great indifference. When in his attendance upon a hazard table at Windsor, during the races, being a standing better (and every chair full,) a person's hand was observed, by those on the opposite side of the table, just in the act of drawing two notes out of his pocket; when the alarm was given, the hand (from the person behind) was instantaneously withdrawn, and the notes left more than half out of the pocket. The company became clamorous for the offender's being taken before a magistrate, and many attempting to secure him for that purpose, the Captain very philosophically seizing him by the collar, kicked him down stairs, and exultingly exclaimed, "Twas a sufficient punishment, to be deprived of the pleasure of keeping company with *jontlemen*."

The great and constant object of his pursnit was to collect and retain the best bred stud in the kingdom. This great acquisition he had nearly completed at the time of his death; having crossed and accumulated the different degrees of blood from their collateral branches, so as nearly to concentrate the various excellencies of different highly estimated pedigrees (by a portion of each) in a single subject. And here it cannot be inapplicable to introduce a few remarks on the celebrity and superior qualifications of that famous horse Eclipse, whose excellence in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be, perhaps, transmitted to the end of time.

This wonderful horse was bred by the former Duke of Cumberland, and being foaled during the great Eclipse, was so named by the Duke in consequence. His Royal Highness, however, did not survive to witness the very great performances he himself had predicted; for, when a yearling only, he was disposed of by auction, with the rest of the stud: and, even in this very sale, a singularity attended him; for, upon Mr. Wildman's arrival, the sale had begun, and a few lots were knocked down. A dispute here arose, upon Mr. Wildman's producing his watch, and insisting upon it the sale had begun before the time advertised. The auctioneer remonstrated; little Wildman was not to be satisfied, and insisted upon it the lots so sold should be put up again. This circumstance causing a loss of time, as well as a scene of confusion, the purchaser said, if there was any lot already sold, which he had an inclination to, rather than retard progress, it was totally at his service.

Eclipse was the only lot he had originally fixed upon, and that was transferred to him at seventy, or seventy-five guineas. At four or five years old, Captain O'Kelly purchased half of him for two hundred and fifty guineas, and, in a short time after, gave seven hundred and fifty for the remainder. His great powers and performances are too well imprinted in the memory of the sporting world to be already obliterated.

The purchase of the captain's estate near Epsom, with the great convenience of his training-stables and paddocks, so contiguous to the course, and different ground for exercise, gave him every opportunity of information that his great avidity could excite him to obtain. Indefatigable in his pursuits, he became every day less liable to disappointment; and that he might be sure of this to a greater certainty, his affability and friendly affection to his domestics and dependants, had taught them to look up to him more as a friend than a master; and to this natural effusion of philanthropic liberality may be attributed no small portion of the success that so constantly attended him at almost every country course in various parts of the kingdom—at least in all those parts that were central; for, exceeding fond of being present when his horses run, he never sent them to remote spots where he could not attend them. He was remarkable for his attachment to horses of bottom, that could stand a long day; and made a point, if possible, of always winning at three or four heats, in preference to two. This rendered the race a matter of more profitable speculation; for, by protraction, the superiority of his own horses, with the termination of the race, he became the winner of greater odds which were constantly encreasing every heat, the horse seemed still less likely to win.

Give-and-take plates as they are called (varying weight for inches,) were then very much in use, but now almost obliterated: and, amg

the competitors at Epsom, Ascot, Reading, Maidenhead, &c. &c. we were sure to find, for many years in succession, Brutus, Badgor (alias Ploughboy,) Young Gimcrack, Atom, Tiney, and, with the rest, Captain O'Kelly's Milksop, amongst which group was always seen as desperate running as can be conceived, each becoming alternately victor as the course proved most applicable to his style of running (or the state of condition,) as it is well known some horses run well over a flat course, that are deficient in climbing or descending a hill.—upon this little horse alone he won very considerable sums, as he was at the height of his reputation, as well as his owner in the very zenith of prosperity, when the turf was in a different degree of estimation; and it may be fairly concluded, that a thousand was then better for every fifty that is now paid and received.—Excluded in some measure (by a rejection from the clubs) running for the great stakes at Newmarket, he made it a point of sweeping the major part of the plates at every country course within the extent of his circle. His horses never ran better, or won oftener, than when the long odds were against them. This, however, was more the effect of policy than of chance. To enumerate a list of his stud, or a delineation of their individual excellencies, or successful performances, would be to exceed the bounds of our work; it must, therefore suffice to say, that, by an indefatigable and unremitting application

to the cause he had embarked in, he accumulated not only a splendid fortune, but left to his successor such a train of stallions, in high estimation, that alone brought him in a princely competence.

Report after his decease, circulated an opinion that he had, by will, under certain restrictions, (in imitation of the late Lord Chesterfield) enjoined his successor to avoid every connexion with the turf; not even to run or enter a horse in his own name. If such was the fact, (which by the bye, we have no reason to doubt) such restriction is, by a supposed composition, entirely done away, as we now not only see the present Mr. O'Kelly running horses in his own name, but riding his own matches. Of the late D. O'Kelly, Esq. it may be very justly acknowledged, we shall never see a more zealous, or a more generous promoter of the turf, a fairer sportsman in the field, or at the gaming-table.— If he absolutely possessed private advantages over the less experienced, they were too judiciously managed ever to transpire to his public prejudice. In his domestic transactions he was indulgently liberal, without being ridiculously profuse; and, as he was the last man living to offer an intentional insult unprovoked, so he was never known to receive one with impunity. In short, without offence to the distinguished equestrian leaders of the day, we may aver, he was not in the fashion now extant; his tradesmen,

his riders, his grooms, his helpers, and subordinates, comparing the plenty of the past with the poverty of the present period.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Was from his youth fond of field sports, and retained his attachment to them until prevented by the infirmities of age from their further enjoyment. He was accustomed to hunt in Richmond Park with a pack of beagles. Upon receiving a packet of letters, he usually opened that from his gamekeeper first; and in the pictures taken of him, he preferred being drawn in his sporting dress.

A JUST REPLY.

The Duke Longueville's reply, when it was observed to him, that the gentlemen bordering on his estates were continually hunting upon them, and that he ought not to suffer it, is worthy of imitation:—"I had much rather (answered the Duke) have friends than hares!"

SKETCH OF MR. JOHN JACKSON.

From "BOXIANA," Vol. I.

A most distinguished Teacher of the Art of Self Defence, at his Rooms, 13, Bond-Street, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving HOUR, whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas!

In the pugilistic hemisphere, Jackson has long

been viewed as a fixed star, and the other bodies, may be compared to so many statellites revolving round the greater orb, deriving their principal vigour and influence from his dominion.—To nature he is indebted for an uncommon fine person—his symmetry of form is attractive in the extreme, and he is considered one of the best made men in the kingdom, standing 5 ft. 11½ in. in height, and weighing about fourteen stone; with limbs elegantly proportioned, and an arm for athletic beauty that defies competition: such an exterior cannot but prove prepossessing, and such an exterior has had its weight in that peculiar respect.

It appears that Jackson has lived all his life—and to use the expression of the poet, he has “caught the manners living as they rise,” and not content with having it observed alone, that he is one of the best made men in the kingdom, but wisely endeavoured to unite with the above expression, that of being one of the best behaved men also; in fact, Jackson possesses a mind that penetrates farther than the surface, and being well assured from his intercourse with polished society, that gentlemen, however fond of Pugilism they may be, cannot discourse upon fighting every minute in the day, begin again the next, and so go on to the end of the chapter, has prevented any such chasm from appearing in his composition: that the advantages of good company have therefore proved obvious to him, and by

appreciating their consequences he has turned them to a proper account, in foreseeing that the recommendations of being a first-rate Pugilist, were of too transitory a nature to rely upon those qualifications alone ; and that although the term thorough-bred may have its importance in the ring, (and so essentially necessary in matters of a sporting description) yet there are two more little words requisite to render the man complete, and pass him current through the world, denominated—good breeding.

Jackson has been far from an inattentive observer of the above requisites, and acquired considerable proficiency in his manners and address ; and has let no opportunity slip whereby he might obtain knowledge and improvement : he had only attained his nineteenth year, when he entered the list with that formidable boxer, Fewterel. At that period, Jackson was an entire stranger to the sporting world ; and if we are not misinformed, it was owing to the late unfortunate Colonel Harvey Aston, (one of the most steady and firm patrons of pugilism) that he was induced to try his skill in a public pugilistic encounter ; and from that introduction was accordingly matched to fight the above boxer. The style and fortitude of manner displayed by Jackson in the above contest, proved of so attractive a nature, as to be a recommendation in itself to the Fancy in general, and have since operated as a lasting acquaintance with the high-

er patrons of the pugilistic art. However, in his set-to with Fewterel, his most sanguine friends entertained doubts of his success, from the disadvantages he had to contend against; but his science and intrepidity throughout the fight entitled him to general approbation and conquest.

Jackson, from his care and attention, soon became the proprietor of a most respectable inn in Surrey; and in that situation he is remembered with respect, from a general line of conduct, which always manifested itself in a desire to serve and please those persons whose curiosity or business led them to visit his house. Fortune has been propitious to his views, and he has not been unmindful of her favours—and, has in himself, proved most unquestionably, that “all is not barron!” and that however terrific and formidable the pugilist may appear in combat, yet the same individual may be tempered with those sensibilities which make mankind valuable and interesting.

Jackson defeated Fewterel, on June 9, 1788, at Smitham Bottom, near Crydon, Surrey, in a few minutes over an hour. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was much pleased with the interpidity displayed by Jackson, and, it is said, acknowledged it by a small present.

Mendoza surrendered his laurels to Jackson, at Hornchurch, in Essex, in ten minutes and a half, on April 15, 1795.

Jackson also fought with George the Brewer, at Ingateson, in Essex, on March 12, 1798, but breaking the small bone of his leg, the contest was not decided.

In relinquishing his pretensions to Pugilism, and in giving up all the honours attending on conquest, it is but common justice to observe, Jackson has practically realized the character of a gentleman, equally respected by the rich and poor—and ever ready to perform a good action: and, were it necessary, numerous instances of which might be quoted, in verifying the excellence of his heart, and the sensibility of his disposition; and in him, the Pugilists experience a steady and warm friend.

Jackson is personally known to some of the first characters in the kingdom; and the circles he now moves in are of the greatest respectability, and whose recommendations to whom have not occurred merely from the scientific acquirements of Pugilism, but upon pretensions which are of the most firm and durable nature—a pleasing address, an intelligent and communicative disposition; and which have rendered him in society a cheerful and agreeable companion; and Jackson possesses sufficient property to render him an independent character, and to support that station with stability. In offering our advice to the Pugilists of the present day, it cannot be expressed in more concise or

appropriate terms, than "Go thou and do likewise."

Jackson has not been engaged in any contest whatever for upwards of twenty-five years : and it has been observed of him, in reference to other men, that few pugilists have appeared, but what have been distinguished for some peculiar trait of excellence appertaining to the art of self-defence, some for superior strength, others for intuitive science—and many for extraordinary bottom ; but Jackson has the whole of them united in one person. His agility is truly astonishing, and there are few men, if any, that can jump farther than he can ; and in point of strength he is equally gifted. A cast has been taken from the arm of Jackson, on account of its fine proportion and anatomical beauty, and of its athletic and muscular appearance.

We cannot pass over the following patriotic trait displayed by Jackson in the year 1811, in procuring a benefit at the Fives' Court, in St. Martin's-street, towards aiding the public subscription, tending to alleviate the sufferings of the Portuguese, whose towns had been destroyed by the French ; and which produced the sum of one hundred and fourteen pounds, and was paid to the committee for conducting the same.

In thus paying attention to the wants of our suffering allies, Jackson's humanity would not let him prove unmindful towards his unfortunate countrymen, the British Prisoners in France ;

in consequence of which, another benefit was produced in the beginning of the year 1812, when the respectable sum of one hundred and thirty-two pounds six shillings was the receipt thereof, which was immediately applied in aid of that laudable purpose. To the credit of all the Pugilists, be it remembered, that on the first intimation of such a plan, they all cheerfully volunteered their services upon this occasion, by seconding the efforts of so disinterested a proposition.

The Regulations of the Prize Ring, and the appointments of Benefits at the Five's Court, are totally under the direction of Mr. Jackson. The impartiality of his conduct upon all these occasions, is the admiration of the amateurs, and the praise and satisfaction of all the pugilists: and whenever this link is broken in the chain that binds together the Pugilistic Hemisphere, we are totally at a loss to know who will be able to supply the chasm.

In taking our leave of the above person, we have only to observe, that Boxiana would not have done its duty to the public, in omitting the pretensions of Jackson to pugilism, notwithstanding his long retirement from the scene of action; and whether as a pugilist, or in any of the capacities he has filled, we feel no impropriety in concluding, that

Take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

PICKING UP ONE HUNDRED STONES PLACED A
YARD ASUNDER.

Lieutenant Cochrane, of the Third Regiment of the Foot Guards, quartered at Windsor, undertook, on Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1817, to pick up 100 stones at a yard from each other from the basket where he was to put them into. The time allowed him was 50 minutes; but the lieutenant performed it in 45 minutes with ease. The distance of ground is six miles. Great odds were laid against his accomplishing this task.

EXTRAORDINARY SNIPE SHOOTING.

On Saturday, Jan. 10, 1818, Mr. Elliot, of Lentham, in Kent, shot four snipes at one discharge. Mr. E. marked two of them on a pond, and was about to fire, when they rose on the wing, joined by two others. Three dropped instantly into the pond, and the fourth at a small distance from it!

SINGULAR CRICKET-MARCH.

On Friday, Aug. 28, 1818, a match of cricket was played at Woking, near Guildford, between eleven gentlemen of Woking and eleven of Shiere. In the first innings, Woking gained 71 runs. Shiere then went in and got 71. Second innings, Woking 71; ditto, Shiere 71; it was consequently a tye-game, under circumstances unprecedented in the annals of cricket-playing.

FLIGHT OF A PIGEON.

In the month of August, 1818, a carrier pigeon, which had been brought down from London to Norwich, was started at a given time from that city, to determine a bet of five guineas, that it returned to town in five hours, which he did, five minutes under the time allowed. The same bird, it seems, arrived in town from Bury, a few days before in three hours.

TROTTING MATCHES.

RACE AGAINST TIME.

On Wednesday, July 30, 1817, Mr. Wells's Pipylina mare started from Hornchurch, Essex, to trot thirty-four miles in an hour and a half, for a bet of 100 guineas.—The mare was rode by a boy who weighed seven stone. The mare performed the first mile in three minutes and a half; eight miles and a quarter in the half hour; and sixteen in fifty-seven minutes. She was started again at the hour, after cleaning her mouth, when she performed the other eight miles in twenty-three minutes and five seconds. The boy was more fatigued than the mare.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

A mare, belonging to Mr. Brown, malster and brewer, of Earl Street, Bristol, on Wednesday, May 13, 1818, completed 100 miles in 10 hours and 43 minutes, for a wager of 20 guineas.

His son, a youth of about 14 years of age, rode the mare.

GREAT EFFORT WITH TWO HORSES.

Mr. Wellsoff, of the city Road, on Monday, June 30, 1817, rode two horses, (his own property,) 62 miles in four hours, for a bet of 100 guineas. Mr. W. who rides nearly 13 stone, took 15 miles of flat on the Essex by-road. He did the first 15 miles in 54 minutes; mounted his second horse, and rode back the other 15 in 53 minutes: he did the other 45 miles in six minutes under the three hours, and won the match cleverly in one minute and a half under the four hours. The rider was worse beat than the horses.

TROTTING MATCH IN HARNESS.

Mr. Waters started at eight o'clock on Thursday, October 17, 1816, from Shoreditch church, and drove his brown mare (which is blind) 50 miles in the short space of four hours and forty-four minutes. He went 25 miles out on the Harrow-road, and returned to the above church at 46 minutes before one. It is singular to state that, during the whole 50 miles, the mare never once broke from her trotting, and the chaise in which Mr. Waters rode did not exceed 112lb. in weight. It was for a bet of 60 guineas, to be performed in five hours, and the odds were 6 to.

4 against the mare ; but she won it in good style, and without much apparent fatigue.

VERY FAST TROTTING MATCH.

The fastest match on record, since the performances of the Phenomena mare (which was said to have trotted 19 miles within the hour,) took place near Blackwater, on Wednesday, August 5, 1817, for 100 guineas. A fine roan horse, seven years old, the property of Mr. Sandy, was matched to trot eight and a half miles in 30 minutes. Each mile was done as follows :

	<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>		<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>
1 - - - - -	3	31	6 - - - - -	3	31
2 - - - - -	3	32	7 - - - - -	3	31
3 - - - - -	3	33	8 - - - - -	3	34
4 - - - - -	3	32			
5 - - - - -	3	33			
				28	17

The mare pulled up after going eight miles, as she had but one minute and forty-three seconds to do the half mile, and she was beat before she had finished it.

VARIOUS FEATS OF PEDESTRIANISM.

MR. FOSTER POWELL

Was born in the year 1736, at Hortsforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, and being bred to the law, was clerk to an attorney, in the New Inn, London. While in that employ, he had occa-

sion to go to York for some leases, to which place he went and returned on foot, in little more than six days. He afterwards performed several expeditions with great swiftness, particularly from London to Maidenhead-bridge and back twenty-seven miles in seven hours.

In 1770, he made a deposit of twenty pounds, for a wager of one hundred guineas, the conditions of which were, that he should begin some Monday in November, a journey to York on foot, and back again in six days.

He accordingly set out on Monday, Nov. 29, 1773. The particulars of this journey, as authenticated by Mr. Powell, are as follow:

"I set out from Hicks's-hall, London, on the 29th of November, 1773, about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock in the morning, for a wager of one hundred guineas, which I was to perform in six days, by going to York, and returning to the above place.

	Miles.
"I got to Stamford about nine o'clock in the evening of that day.	88
"Nov. 30.—Set out from Stamford about five in the morning, and got to Doncaster about twelve at night.	72
"Dec. 1.—Set out from Doncaster about five in the morning, and got to York at half past two in the afternoon.	37

- “Departed from York about six the same afternoon, and got to Ferrybridge about ten that night. 32
- “Dec. 2.—Set out from Ferrybridge about five in the morning, and got to Grantham about twelve at night. 65
- “Dec. 3.—Set out from Grantham at six in the morning, and got to the Cock at Eaton about eleven at night. 54
- “Dec. 4.—Set out from Eaton, the sixth and last day, about four in the morning, and arrived at Hicks’s-hall about half past six in the evening. 56

Total 394

“FOSTER POWELL.”

What rendered this exploit more extraordinary was, that he set out in a very indifferent state of health, being compelled, from a pain in his side, to wear a strengthening plaster all the way; his appetite, moreover, was very indifferent, for his most frequent beverage was either water or small beer; and the refreshment he most admired was tea, and toast and butter.

In his next two performances he was more unfortunate. The first was in the summer of 1776, he run a match of a mile on Barham Downs, near Canterbury, against Andrew Smith a famous runner of that time who beat him.

The second was in November, 1778, when he undertook to run two miles in ten minutes, on the Leabridge road, which he lost by only half a minute.

In September, 1787, he offered a wager of twenty-five guineas, that he walked from the Falstaff Inn, at Canterbury, to London-bridge, and back again, which is one hundred and twelve miles, in twenty-four hours: which being accepted, he set out the 27th of that month, at four o'clock in the afternoon, reached London-bridge at half past two the next morning, and was again at Canterbury at ten minutes before four in the afternoon.

June the 8th, 1788, he set out from Hicks's-hall, on his second journey to York and back again; which he performed in five days and nineteen hours and a quarter.

On the 15th of July following, he undertook for one hundred guineas, to walk one hundred miles in twenty-two hours, which he accomplished with ease, and had several minutes to spare. He went from Hyde-Park-Corner to the fifty mile-stone at Wolverton-Hill, on the Bath road, and back to Hyde-Park Corner.

In 1790, he took a bet of twenty guineas to thirteen that he would walk to York and return in five days and eighteen hours. He set off on Sunday, the 22d of August, at twelve at night, and reached Stamford on Monday night; arrived at Doncaster on Tuesday night; return-

ed from York as far as Ferrybridge, on Wednesday ; on Thursday she slept at Grantham ; on Friday on this side Biggleswade, and arrived at St. Paul's cathedral on Saturday, at ten minutes past four, which was one hour and fifty minutes less than the time allowed.

He was so little fatigued with his journey, that he offered to walk one hundred miles the next day, if any person would make it worth his trouble, by a considerable wager.

Soon after this he exhibited himself in a new light to the public, by being theatrically crowned at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the manner as Voltaire was at the Comedie Francois, in Paris, some years before.

On November 22d following, he was beat by West, a publican, of Windsor, in walking (for forty guineas) forty miles on the western road : and, soon after, failed in attempting to walk from Canterbury to London in twenty-four hours, owing to the extreme darkness of the night. On his return over Blackheath he fell several times, and could not recover the right road.

On Sunday night, July the 1st, he started, at twelve o'clock, from Shoreditch church, to walk to York and back again in five days and fifteen hours, for a wager of thirteen guineas ; which he won, by arriving at Shoreditch the following Saturday, at thirty-five minutes past

one in the afternoon, which was an hour and twenty-five minutes within his time.

He walked, on the Brighton road, one mile in nine minutes for a wager of fifteen guineas; and run it back again in five minutes and fifty-two seconds, which was eight seconds within the time allowed him.

Powell was a pattern to all pedestrians for unblemished integrity; in no one instance was he ever challenged with making a cross. He was buried in a most respectable manner; numerous distinguished sportsmen followed him to the grave.

DANIEL CRISP,

Of Loton, in Norfolk, born March 15, 1778.

This walking hero on Sept. 21, 1802, walked one mile in seven minutes and fifty seconds, on the City-road, London.—July 16, 1817, commenced walking backwards forty miles daily for seven days, and completed 280 miles by that retrograde motion, on Wormwood Scrubs, near London, one hour and a quarter within the given time, to the surprise of thousands who witnessed the performance. Oct. 6, 1817, walked 63 miles in thirteen hours and ten minutes, round the Regency Park, London.—Oct. 6, 1817, commenced walking from London to Oxford, to and fro on the Uxbridge Road, the distance of fifty-four miles daily, for twenty-one successive days, being 1134 miles; which he completed twenty

minutes before eleven o'clock at night, being one hour and twenty minutes within the given time, amidst the acclamations of 10,000 spectators. April 23, 1818, commenced walking from London to Oxford, to and fro by way of Datchet, Windsor, and Henley, the distance of sixty-one miles daily for seventeen successive days, and completed the 1037 miles on the 9th of May at eight minutes after eleven at night, being fifty-two minutes within the given time; during the performance of this arduous undertaking it rained heavily for ten days, which caused the Thames to overflow on the road to the depth of two feet and a half, and a quarter of a mile in length, which he was obliged to walk through for five days.—Sept. 13, 1818, commenced walking seventy-five miles daily, for six successive days, on Newbury Wash, the ground being accurately measured into half miles on the Andover Road; he completed the arduous undertaking twenty-six minutes within the given time, amidst the acclamations of 7000 spectators.—April 2, 1819, he undertook for a wager of 125 pounds to walk from London to Dover, to and fro, being seventy-two miles daily, for twelve successive days, and after completing 412 miles, he was compelled to decline the match, the intense heat of the weather having covered his feet with blisters.—June 17, 1819, he attempted for a wager of 150 pounds, to walk from London to Ipswich, to and fro, being sixty-nine miles daily, for sixteen suc-

cessive days ; on the second day, the rain fell so rapidly for two hours, that he walked ankle deep in water, which caused a gathering to set in his heel, he walked for three days in the greatest pain, and was obliged to resign the task on the sixth day, after completing 403 miles. Through the failure of the two last undertakings Crisp lost 85 pounds of his own money.

INTERESTING FOOT RACE AS TO TIME.

A race which excited much sporting interest took place on the Essex road, near Stratford, on Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1818, between Brasier, a celebrated runner, and Brooks. It was for fifty guineas aside, p. p. Betting even at starting. Brooks led with much gaiety, and was closely followed by his adversary. The quarters of the mile were done as follows by Brooks, who won by four yards only.

	<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>
1st quarter	1	3
2d	1	12
3d	1	13
4th	1	18
	<hr/>	
	4	46

This is the fastest running of a mile ever recorded, and particularly as the match was made within a week, and the men could not be in the finest condition.

WILSON, THE BLACKHEATH PEDESTRIAN.

On Saturday, August 2, 1817, within five and a half minutes of twelve P. M. the above pedestrian fully accomplished his arduous attempt to walk one thousand miles in eighteen days (the intervening Sundays excepted,) at Mr. Tinker's Gardens, Collyhurst. Towards the close of his task, he was very much annoyed by the pressure of the crowd, doubtless at the instance of individuals whose motives were far from being pure and disinterested, and but for the kind and determined interference of Mr. Nadin (the worthy deputy constable at Manchester,) in the veteran's behalf, his efforts would have been frustrated with success in full view. The following is a correct statement of his performance, from the commencement, Monday the 7th instant :

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Days.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>
1st Monday - - -	60	11th Friday - - -	40
2d Tuesday - - -	56	12th Saturday - - -	40
3d Wednesday - - -	56	13th Monday - - -	60
4th Thursday - - -	41	14 Tuesday - - -	60
5th Friday - - -	56	15th Wednesday - - -	44
6th Saturday - - -	58	16th Thursday - - -	65
7th Monday - - -	58	17th Friday - - -	64
8th Tuesday - - -	58	18th Saturday - - -	57
9th Wednesday - - -	56		
10th Thursday - - -	58		
		Total 1000	

WONDERFUL PEDESTRIAN ATTEMPT.

Wentworth, an Oxfordshire yeoman, commenced the pedestrian undertaking on Monday, Jan. 17, 1818, of going 600 miles in ten days;

and who, on Saturday, had gone 366 miles in the six days, which was six miles more than his ground at 60 miles a day; started rather lame from the neighbourhood of Taplow, Bucks, on Sunday morning, and went through Berkshire, into the county of Wilts, eight miles from Marlborough, where he slept, having performed 54 miles. He returned through Basingstroke to Mattingly, six miles distance from thence, on Monday afternoon, when he was beat by a failure in his right leg, having performed 36 miles only on that day. The whole performance was 456 miles in eight days, which, although a lose, is an extraordinary pedestrian feat. Mr. Wentworth had 144 miles to do in the next 48 hours, but he was unable to stand.

THE GREATEST PEDESTRIAN FEAT ON RECORD.

The 600 miles in ten days was completed on Wednesday night, Feb. 11, 1818, at eleven o'clock, by Mr. Howard, at Knaresford, who walked over a two mile piece of ground. This match is beyond the compass of the power of any horse, and nothing like it has ever before been recorded of man. The pedestrian finished his work well on the first six days, and he had done 390 miles, 30 miles more than his ground. On Sunday he began to flag, with swollen legs, but he did 56 miles. He was 18 hours in doing 57 miles on Monday; bathing had in some measure relieved him. On Tuesday he was 19 hours

performing 52 miles, and he was not expected to be able to go on the last day, from excessive fatigue. He had 45 miles to win the match—he started at two in the morning, proceeding at first under three miles an hour. At four P. M. he went to bed, having done 31 miles. He had then 14 miles to do in eight hours. He rose again at seven, and won the match soon after eleven, distressed in a manner not easily described. It was for 200 guineas.

LEACH AND SHAW.

Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1818, a most numerous and respectable assemblage of the admirers of pedestrianism mustered on the road near the elegant mansion of W. W. Pole, Esq. on Epping Forest, to witness the race between Leach and Shaw; the distance 150 yards. The former, in 56 races, had beat all the picked men in England; and had also defeated Shaw a short time since in Hyde Park. The speed of the latter was nevertheless so much admired upon that occasion, that the odds were now 7 to 4 against Leach; and more betting took place on the spot than has been experienced for the last twenty years. The ground was roped in with stakes to prevent the crowd from pressing upon them; and also a rope with stakes was placed down the middle to prevent them jostling each other. At two o'clock the signal was given, and Leach got the start nearly a yard;

but Shaw soon shot by him like an arrow, and when he touched the handkerchief, Leach was at least seven and a half yards behind him.—The 150 yards were accomplished in the very short space of 16 seconds. Leach ran without shoes, and had only a short pair of drawers, the countryman was as lightly clad, excepting a pair of jean half boots. Shaw bids fair to beat all England; he gets over the ground with all the fleetness of a greyhound. The speed with which Shaw won the above race was at the astonishing rate of 20 miles an hour. For 400 guineas.

OLD TOM AND RAYNER.

Wednesday, March 18, 1818, the amateurs assembled at Maidenhead Thicket, 28 miles from London, to witness a race of 15 miles between the above celebrated pedestrians; among them were Capt. Barclay, Col. Barton, Mr. Harrison, &c. and several gentlemen from Oxford. Rayner was so confident that he offered for a large bet to run the first mile in five minutes, and beat his antagonist afterwards—but old Tom complained of a cold in his head; 2 to 1 on Rayner. The race was contested on the turnpike road, one mile out, and one mile in. The men started four minutes to one, and the miles were run by Rayner in the following time—

<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>
1	5	59	8	6	40
2	5	56	9	7	—
3	5	45	10	5	58
4	5	45	11	6	45
5	6	10	12	6	38
6	6	29	13	6	35
7	6	30			

At the end of 10 miles Rayner was a-head 300 yards; and between the 12th and 13th miles old Tom gave in. Rayner then walked and run the remainder in a great coat. The second mile was a dead heat, both the men having put their feet together on the scratch. The pedestrians wore short drawers and pumps. Great sums were lost respecting the time; the men being backed to perform the distance in one hour and thirty-three and thirty-four minutes.

BLUMSELL'S FOOT RACE AGAINST TIME.

Blumsell, the painter, started on Friday, April 10, 1818, at three o'clock, from the Black Horse, in Tottenham-court road, to the nine mile stone at Whetstone, within an hour. The above attempt excited great curiosity among the admirers of pedestrianism, and the street was so crowded, that considerable difficulty was experienced in making a passage for Blumsell to start. Notwithstanding the rain, he went off in full confidence, and fine speed, and ran up Highgate-hill with all the indifference of a plain

path. Shaw, the first runner of the day, for a short distance, followed him for about a mile; but at length he grew tired and relinquished the task. Blumsell performed this most arduous feat in three minutes and a half less than the given time. The odds were against him.

SUPERIOR FEAT TO BLUMSELL'S.

A match, superior to that performed by Blumsell, from Tottenham-court road, was performed on Thursday, April 16, 1818, on the Epping road. A coachman, named West, was backed by his master to do nine miles in 54 minutes, taking in two hills. The match was for 100 guineas, and the following is the report of it, from the Umpire—

<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>
1	5	58
2	5	25
3	6	2
4	5	56
5	6	4
6	6	7
7	6	6
8	6	4
9	6	6
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	53	58

This match beats that performed by Blumsell most decidedly, as the distance was more, and six minutes less time was allowed. The road was also bad. Time was backed at odds.

NOUVELLE FOOT RACE.

An extraordinary as well as novel foot-race took place on June 2, 1818, on Lord's Cricket Ground, Marylebone. Mr. Wildboar, proprietor of the Green Man and Still, Oxford-street, a man of at least fourteen stone weight, and advanced in years, challenged Mr. Bently, a gentleman of light weight, and well known for his agility at cricket playing, to run a race for 100 yards, under these circumstances: Mr. Bently, who boasts of being able to step two yards at a time, proposed trying a match with Mr. Wildboar for 100 yards, on the principle of moving but one yard instead of two. The challenge was accepted, but the proposer was at a loss how the yard should be measured. Mr. Wildboar said he had hit upon an expedient for that, and would bind him for the purpose, by having a rope of a yard's length in play fixed to a swivel from leg to leg. The race was for 100 pound, and much betting took place. The parties started, each confident of success; but Bently bounded along, and took the lead for the first fifty yards. Before he reached the sixtieth, however, his trammels interrupted his progress, but he continued to run, though at shorter distances, occasioned by the ropes becoming entangled with his feet. In consequence of this, Mr. Wildboar took the lead, and eventually won the race, amidst the laughter

and shouts of the multitude assembled. Mr. Bently, attributing his defeat to accident, immediately challenged the winner.

RAYNER AND BLUMSELL.

Wednesday afternoon, June 24, 1818, the Essex road was one continued scene of bustle and gaiety, from the numerous vehicles, horsemen, &c. hurrying along to witness the above exploit between those celebrated pedestrians. The company were, in general, of the most respectable description. Rayner, whose fame as a runner was considered perfectly established, had undertaken to give Blumsell the extraordinary advantage of two minutes and a half at starting; and so sanguine were his friends of the certainty of his success, that betting to a greater extent before the day of trial, and upon the ground, had not been witnessed for many years. Two to one was current betting, and in many instances higher; in fact, so much did his confidence even operate upon the takers, who had hitherto fancied the painter, that in a few minutes not a bet could be obtained. The capabilities of Blumsell the sporting world were no strangers to, from his having recently run nine miles through the streets of London and up Highgate Hill, also against the bad weather, in four minutes less than an hour. Still the speed of Rayner was so much valued as to overcome every other consideration. At half past seven o'clock, Blum-

sell appeared at the 5th mile stone, with only a very short pair of drawers on, and light half-boots, and started. The distance was one mile out and back again. Rayner was as lightly clad as his opponent, and when the two minutes and a half had elapsed, he set out to overtake Blumsell. The following is the exact time of their performing the ten miles, for 200 guineas:—

BLUMSELL.			RAYNER.		
Min.	Sec.	Miles.	Min.	Sec.	Miles.
10	30	- - - 2	10	27	- - - 2
12	6	- - - 2	12	14	- - - 2
11	0	- - - 2	11	15	- - - 2
12	24	- - - 2	12	49	- - - 2
12	56	- - - 2			
58	56	10			

It will be seen by the above statement, that instead of Rayner's improving upon his adversary, so as to fetch up the two minutes and a half, he lost 46 seconds in the first 8 miles: shortly after this period he turned *giddy* and fell in a ditch, but he was not long in extricating himself from this situation, and continued the contest. He, however, soon afterwards gave up the race. It is impossible to describe the long faces: the cleaning out was immense; and the club completely dished. Rayner appeared too fat, and not in good condition; upon his finishing the first two miles he perspired profusely indeed, and his wind was rather touched. Great sums of money were won and lost respecting the time

the winner would perform the ten miles. Blumsell was in the finest order ; he started with the swiftness of a greyhound, never flagged, and came in with the fleetness of a deer, amidst the shouts and applauses of the spectators. The painter, it was thought, could beat Rayner upon even terms ; at all events, he is a most excellent runner, having run the 10 miles, according to the decision of the umpire, in 58 minutes 56 seconds. The road appeared like a race-ground from the numerous carriages. Blumsell was so little fatigued from his exertions, that he appeared at Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, in the evening.

BLUMSELL'S SECOND FOOT RACE AGAINST TIME.

On Wednesday evening, August 19, 1818, at 6 o'clock, Blumsell, the painter, who a short time since beat Rayner, of high pedestrian fame, in such a finished style of excellence, on the Rumford Road, started from the corner of Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, to go beyond the Whetstone turnpike, a distance of nine miles and a quarter, in one hour. On both sides of the way in Tottenham-court-road, the crowd was immense, and the windows of every house were filled to see the pedestrian proceed in his task ; and, in fact, the road up to Highgate-hill, on different spots, was covered with spectators. It was a truly arduous task ; and the ease and style with which Blumsell made his way, astonished every one present. He had no opportunity for

training, as the bet was only made on the preceding Friday. Notwithstanding the difficulties he had to encounter of being frequently enveloped with gigs, chaises, horsemen, and clouds of dust, he shot up Highgate-hill with all the fleetness of a deer, distancing all the fine prads, in spite of the exertions of the whip. After Blumsell had ascended this steep hill, he went two miles over Finchley Common, in less than 11 minutes. Unfair means were used to prevent his winning; particularly the interruption of a man, who twice crossed him, and whom Blumsell collared and ultimately floored; yet he performed this extraordinary feat in one minute and twelve seconds under the time. It was, however, brought to a wrangle by the opposite party, who insisted he lost it by two minutes and eight seconds. The general opinion is that Blumsell won it; and he is the best runner in England. It was for the trifling sum of five pounds aside; and the painter to be recompensed for his exertions with a few shillings. His fame stood so high in the sporting world, that not a bet could be procured against him. Blumsell, about three months since, went over the same ground in less than an hour; but a quarter of a mile was added to the last match.

HERCULEAN TASK.

A young man, named Carpendale, on Saturday, Aug. 1, 1818, undertook for a wager of

one guinea only, to go on foot from Ashwell, Rutland, to Market Harborough, a distance of twenty-two miles, in two hours. He left Ashwell at twelve o'clock at noon, and arrived at Harborough at fifty-five minutes past one o'clock, having five minutes to spare, and outwent a person on horseback, who attended to witness the performance.

UNEXAMPLED SPEED.

At Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, a respectable bookseller, of the name of Howe, for a trifling wager, in the month of July, 1817, on a piece of ground measured for the occasion, walked six miles in the unprecendeted short space of forty-six minutes and twenty seconds.

Eaton, who performed the Barclay match, according to report; Baker who walked 2000 miles in 40 days, against Eaton; Young Kelly; the Kentish Youth; Grindlay; Carter, the pugilist; and the veteran Jew, Barnett, have also distinguished themselves as first rate pedestrians.

THE PRIEST AND OSTLER.

ONCE at some holy time, perhaps 'twas Lent,
An honest Ostler to confession went,
And there of sins a long extended score,
Of various shape and size, he mumbled o'er:
Till, having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,
(For any moderate conscience quite enough.)
He ceas'd.—“What more?” the rev'rend Father cried
“No more!” th' unburden'd penitent replied.

"But," said the artful priest, "yet unreveal'd
 "There lurks one darling vice within you, though conceal'd;
 "Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,
 "Ne'er grease the horses' teeth, to spoil their eating?"
 "Never!" cried Crop—So then to close each strain,
 He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.
 Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience feeling,
 Crop at confession, soon again was kneeling;
 When lo, at ev'ry step his conscience easing,
 Out popp'd a groan, and horses' teeth, and greasing.
 "Santa Maria!" cried the astonish'd priest—
 "How much your sins have with your days increas'd!
 "When last I saw you, you deny'd all this."
 "True," said the Ostler, "very true it is;
 "And also true, that, till that blessed time,
 "I never, Father, heard of such a crime!"

ROWING MATCH.

Gyngell finished his 1000 miles in twenty days on Monday evening, September 22, 1817, at twenty minutes after six o'clock. The following is a statement of daily performances since his commencement.

1st day, Wednesday 48 miles.	12th day, Sunday, 48 miles.
2. Thursday, . . . 50	13. Monday, . . . 54
3. Friday, . . . 46	14. Tuesday, . . . 50
4. Saturday, . . . 50	15. Wednesday, . . 44
5. Sunday, . . . 50	16. Thursday, . . . 50
6. Monday, . . . 48	17. Friday, . . . 56
7. Tuesday, . . . 50	18. Saturday, . . . 54
8. Wednesday, . . . 59	19. Sunday, . . . 50
9. Thursday, . . . 50	20. Monday, . . . 50
10. Friday, . . . 50	
11. Saturday, . . . 52	
	1000

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

His Grace, during his life time, was one of the most distinguished characters upon the

turf, whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success. It is thus his biographer speaks of him. "No personage, within our recollection, has been more noticed by the public prints, and perhaps more misrepresented. Enabled by birth and fortune to enjoy the comforts of life, he has given in to them without restraint, totally indifferent to the cynical caprice of individuals on the one hand, and to the jaundiced eye of envious malevolence on the other. But amidst the general pursuit of pleasure, to which his life has been devoted, those pleasures have yet been the enjoyment of a man of honour, undebased by the long list of swindling degradations, that so unhappily characterize the juvenile representatives of modern nobility. A taste for, and patronage of the fine arts, a predilection for beautiful women, rich wines, and a desire to excel on the turf, and to exceed in calculation, have ever been the distinguishing traits and ultimate gratification of his Grace's ambition. When Earl of March, he contrived and executed schemes of expedition, which were believed by his competitors to be absolutely impracticable. Of these, his well known carriage match,* and conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, enclosed in a cricket-

* In consequence of a conversation at a sporting meeting, with an Irish gentleman, usually known by the appellation of Count O'Teafe, relative to running against time, it was suggested by the Earl of March, that it was possible for a

ball, and handed from one to the other, of twenty-four expert cricketers, will ever remain lasting remembrances. In all his engagements upon the turf, he has preserved a most unsullied and distinguished eminence, both paying and receiv-

carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity hitherto unexampled, and almost incredible.

Being desired to name his *maximum*, he undertook, provided he was allowed the choice of his ground, and a certain time for training, to draw a machine with four wheels, not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes.—As it had been already discovered that a race horse might be urged to such a degree of speed, as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the knowing ones for a short space of time; but the continuance of such a rapid motion during a whole hour, staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

As much depended on the lightness of the machine, application was made to an ingenious coachmaker (Wright) in Long Acre, who exhausted all the resources of his art to diminish the weight and friction as much as possible, and silk is said to have been resorted to in the construction of the harness, instead of leather. It then became necessary to select four blood-horses of approved speed, and, what was far more difficult to procure, two *honest* groom boys (Errat and another of small weight, and approved skill) to manage them. The course of Newmarket having been pitched upon for the trial, a mile was marked out there, and although several horses are said to have been killed in training, yet it soon became evident that the project was feasible.

On the arrival of the appointed day, (Aug. 29, 1750,) which was to decide bets to the amount of thousands of pounds, the noble and ignoble gamblers repaired to the spot pitched upon; the jockeys mounted; the carriage, constructed partly of wood, and partly of whalebone, was put in motion, and, rushing with a velocity almost rivalling the progress of sound, darted within the appointed time to the goal!

ing with an unimpeached integrity. He has ever prided himself more upon the excellence than the extent of his stud. His matches have not been so numerous as those of many other sportsmen, but they have mostly been upon a more expanded scale, and more brilliantly terminated. He and his rider, Dick Goodison, have generally gone hand in hand in their success, and there is every reason to believe, that never, in a single instance, have they deceived each other; for, as his Grace never closed a match without the corresponding sanction of his confidant, so it is naturally concluded, in return, he has been equally faithful to the interest of his employer. During so long an uninterrupted attachment to the turf, his Grace has never displayed the least want of philosophy upon the unexpected event of a race, or ever entered into any engagements but when there was a great probability of becoming the winner. In all emergencies he has preserved an invariable equanimity, and his cool serenity never forsook him even in moments of the greatest surprise or disappointment. A singular proof of this occurred at Newmarket, just as they were going to start for a sweepstakes, when his Grace being engaged in a betting conversation with various members of the Jockey Club, one of his lads that was going to ride (in consequence of his light weight) calling his Grace aside, asked him too soon, and too loud, "how he

was to ride to-day." His Grace, conscious that he was overheard, with a well-affected surprise, exclaimed—"Why take the lead, and keep it, to be sure—how the devil would you ride!"

Amid his Grace's various successes, and strong proofs of judgment, which were infinitely superior to his long list of contemporaries, none perhaps can be produced more in point than the performances of his horse Dash, (by Florise) in the year 1789. On Tuesday, the first spring meeting, he refused 500 guineas forfeit from Lord Darby's Sir Peter Teazle, the six mile course, 1000 guineas, h. f.; and on Monday, in the second spring meeting, he beat Mr. Hallam's b. h. by Highflyer, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 1000 guineas. On Thursday, in the second Oct. meeting of the same year, he beat his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Don Quixote, 8st. 7lb. each, six mile course, 900 guineas; and on Tuesday se'nnight following he beat Lord Barrymore's Highlander, at the same weight, three times round the R. C. 800 guineas; winning exactly within the six months 3000 guineas.

"But in order to prevent pillage it became necessary for Lord March to place no reliance whatever upon jockeys, to trust all to himself, and to depend solely upon his own ability and exertions. Two memorable achievements of this kind will never be forgotten by the disciples of the whip. The first occurred in 1756, when

his Lordship, properly accoutred, in his velvet cap, red silk jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, not only backed his own horse for a considerable sum, but actually rode him.

“This contest, which took place on the race-ground at Newmarket, when the Earl had attained his twenty-sixth year, was not, however, with an inferior, either in blood or fortune; for his antagonist, on this occasion, was no less a person than a Scotch nobleman, addicted to the same sports as himself, and whose family, like his own, had been allied to the kings of his native country. This trial of skill between the Achilles and the Hector of horsemen, of course attracted the notice of the public, and the ground was covered at an early hour with all the fashionables of that period. Lord March, thin, agile and admirably qualified both by skill and make, for exertion, was the victor of the day: to him was given the meed of fame, and the reward of activity; and no conqueror of the Olympic games ever received greater plaudits.—His Grace lived to great age, and died immensely rich; and many singular anecdotes are told to him, respecting the care he took to ensure longevity.”

GAMING ANECDOTE.

It is well known that the Duke of Argyle had a connexion with a lady of the name of C—pb—ll, by whom he had a natural son,

and to whom he gave a polite education. At a proper age he likewise made interest for him in the guards, in which corps he soon figured as a captain. The duke was sensible that the young man's pay could not support him with proper dignity; he accordingly allowed him the following genteel stipend, though somewhat whimsical:—The captain found upon his bureau, every morning, a clean shirt, a pair of stockings, and also a guinea. This extraneous allowance was intended to prevent him from gaming. But the *sharks* knew his connexions, and, according to the gambling lexicon, had him at the best; in a word, they tickled the captain for a thousand. The Duke heard of his son's disaster, but took no notice of it, till his dejected appearance rendered it apparent that some misfortune had occurred. "Jack," said he, one day at dinner, "what is the matter with you?"—The Captain changed colour, and reluctantly acknowledged the fact. "Sir," said his Grace, "you do not owe a farthing to that blackguard; my steward settled it with him this morning for ten guineas, and he was glad to take them, exclaiming at the same time, that 'by Jasus, he was damned far North, and it was well it was no worse!'"

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

His Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland, being at a Newmarket meeting, just be-

fore the horses started he missed his pocket-book, containing some bank notes. When the knowing ones came about him, and offered several bets, he said, "he had lost his money already, and could not afford to venture any more that day." The horse which the Duke had intended to back was distanced, so that he consoled himself with the loss of his pocket-book, as being only a temporary evil; as he should have paid away as much had he betted, to the worthies of the turf. The race was no sooner finished, than a veteran half-pay officer presented his Royal Highness with his pocket-book, saying he had found it near the stand, but had not an opportunity of approaching him before; when the Duke most generously replied, "I am glad it has fallen into such good hands—keep it—had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time among the black legs and thieves of Newmarket."

A CELEBRATED MARKSWOMAN.

The ingenious Dr. W. Hutton, of Birmingham, in a late publication, in which he gives an account of several singularities which he met with in a recent journey through a part of Derbyshire, adds, "But the greatest wonder I saw, was Miss Phebe Brown, in person five feet six, about thirty, well proportioned, round sized and ruddy, a dark penetrating eye, which the moment it fixes upon your face, stamps your character, and

that with precision. Her step, pardon me the Irishism, is more manly than a man's, and can easily cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man's hat, coat, and a spencer over it, and men's shoes. I believe she is a stranger to breeches. She can lift one hundred weight with each hand, and carry fourteen score. Can sow, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accompaniment to the female character, except that of modesty. A gentleman at the New Bath recently treated her so rudely "that she had a good mind to have knocked him down." She positively assured me, that she did not know what fear was—she never gives any affront, but will offer to fight any man who gives her one—if she has not fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter's being a coward, for none else would give an affront. She has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says some smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it is deep-toned; the wind in her favour, she can send it a mile: has no beard, or prominence of breast; accepts any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the ricks, &c. but her chief avocation is horse-breaking, at a guinea a week; always rides without a saddle: is supposed the best judge of a horse, cow, &c. in the country, and is frequently requested to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs. She is fond of Milton, Pope, Shak-

speare, also of music ; is self-taught ; performs on several instruments, the violin, &c.

"She is an excellent *markswoman*, and like her brother sportsmen, carries her gun upon her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork, and but little mutton ; her chief food is milk, and also her drink, discarding wine, ale, and spirits."

CHLOE'S VEXATION.

At the glittering dew which bespangled the lawn,
 Aurora was taking a peep,
 To rouse the keen sportsman broke forth the clear dawn,
 When up started Colin, as brisk as a fawn,
 Leaving Chloë unconscious asleep ;
 And op'ning the casement he cried out to John,
 His servant, and old sporting croney,
 " See the sun's getting up, and 'tis time we were gone,
 " So uncouple the pointers, young Ponto and Don,
 " And saddle the black shooting pony."
 Awak'd by the noise, Chloe rubbing her eyes,
 Which might rival the basilisk's charms,
 Exclaim'd, "What's o'clock !" Then with well feigned surprise,
 " 'Tis not five ! Why, my Colin, so soon dost thou rise,
 " And quit thy poor Chloe's fond arms ?"
 Colin quick snatched a kiss, smiled, and shaking his head,
 Cried, " The day my sweet Chloe, remember,"
 The disconsolate fair one, then tossing in bed,
 Again courted sleep, but with pouting lip said,
 " Oh, the deuce take the First of September !"

SINGULAR PENSION.

The Hon. Mr. L— lost, a few years since, at Brooke's, 70,000*l.* with his carriages, horses, &c. which was his last stake. Charles F—, who was present, and partook of the spoils, moved that an annuity of 50*l.* per annum should be settled

upon the unfortunate gentleman, to be paid out of the general fund; which motion was agreed to *nem. con.* and a resolution was entered into at the instance of the same gentleman, that every member who should be completely ruined in that house should be allowed a similar annuity out of the same fund, on condition they are never to be admitted as sporting members; as, in that case, the society would be playing against their own money.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPH.

Here lieth ready to *start*, in full hopes to save his distance,

TIMOTHY TURF,

formerly stud-groom to Sir Marmaduke Match'em,

and

late keeper of the Racing Stables

on Cerny Downs;

but

was *beat out of the world* on the first of April last,

by that invincible Rockingham,*

DEATH.

N. B. He lived and died an honest man.

Here lies a groom, who longer life deserved,
Whose *course* was *straight*, from which he never swerv'd;
Yet ere was quite complete his fiftieth *round*,†
Grim Death, at *Jack Cade*,‡ brought him to the ground.
This tyrant, oft to *cross* and *jostle* tried;
But ne'er till now, could gain the whip-hand side.
In youth he saw the *high bred cattle* train'd,
By gentle means and easiest trammels rein'd;
He taught them soon the *ending-stand* to gain,
Swift as *Camilla's* o'er the velvet plain.

* A famous horse.

† The Round, or King's Plate Course, at Newmarket.

‡ A steep ascent in that course, fatal to bad bottomed horses.

Oft from the *crack ones* bear the prize away,
 And triumph boldly in the blaze of day;
 But of late years he used the fertile plough,
 To grace with yellow corn the naked brow,
 And her green turf, which they were wont to tread,
 Affords the trembling oats, with which they're fed.
 Oh, may this sod with thorny texture bound,
 Protect from horses hoofs the sacred ground;
 And may his *colts* and *fillies** truly run
 Their beaten course,† and see the later sun.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

He was one of the first sportsmen, and greatest characters that this or any other country has produced. He was the uncle of his present Majesty, and was distinguished as a commander, a sportsman, and a man. For he was formed in "nature's nicest mould," that the world might be taught to estimate perfection. Under the influence of his counsel, under the weight of his personal exertions, that monster rebellion was subdued, beyond the power of renovation, and the British nation relieved from a state of anxiety, to which, by the restless ambition of its neighbours, it had been so long compulsively subjected. Rewarded by his sovereign, by the representatives of the people, and by the citizens of London, he retired from the field of war, and the faction of politics, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of domestic comfort, at the lodge in

* His infant sons and daughters,

† A strait course of four miles.

Windsor Great park, of which he had for some years before been appointed ranger. Here he engaged in all the attracting pleasures of rural life; established his stud and breeding stock, and, with a portion of liberality equal, or superior to the grateful munificence of a generous people, retained and employed in useful labour, a greater number of industrious poor, than perhaps ever was, or may be, seen again within the park or forest of Windsor. To his indefatigable exertions the present generation stands indebted for the various judicious crosses that have brought the breed of blood-horses to such a state of unprecedented perfection; and the origin of all the most valuable stallions now in the kingdom, centre in the happy combination of his own efforts to produce priority. Crab, Marsh, Herod, and Eclipse, were amongst the most celebrated of his own breed; to which were annexed a very long list of progeny, that by his death, and the "fascinating flourish of the hammer," were "scattered to all the winds of heaven." Marsh fell to the possession of Lord Abington, where he continued till his death. Eclipse, first to Wildman, then, *partis equalis* with O'Kelly, and lastly, to O'Kelly, *solus*—as did the little famous horse Milksop, the then first give-and-take horse in the kingdom; he was thus named by his Royal Highness, in consequence of his dam's taking fright at him as soon as he was foaled, and never could

be brought to any association; so that he was literally brought up by hand. Eclipse also derived his appellation from the circumstance of being brought forth during the great eclipse, or real "darkness visible."

His Royal Highness, in his first efforts for superiority, felt the mortification that every liberal mind must be subject to when surrounded by the most voracious sharks of every description. The family of the Greeks were then, as now, exceedingly numerous, and to its various branches his Royal Highness was for a considerable time, most implicitly subservient; but as soon as it was possible for him to shake off the effects of the embarkation, and time had enabled him to produce stock of his own breed, and that breed formed upon his well-improved judgment, he took the lead, and, in a very few years, totally defeated every idea of competition. He had at the unexpected hour of his death, not only the most pure, perfect, and correct, but the most valuable stud of horses in his possession of any subject of the king's dominions; and his loss was considered as a still greater check to the sporting world, as it happened just at the moment when the turf and its enjoyments had acquired the meridian of popularity: it was the influenza of the day, to whose infection fresh objects were eternally becoming subject, and to which fashionable fascination the death of so great and so good a promoter,

gave an instantaneous destruction. Amongst the numerous improvements incessantly carrying on in and near his delightful residence, the race course at Ascot seemed to be the most favourite and predominant object of pursuit: laying claim to every care and attention that could possibly constitute a scene of the greatest and most unsullied brilliancy. This the hand of Providence (as the first object of his heart) spared him long enough to see complete; but just in the moment of exultation, when loaded with the grateful caresses of an idolizing multitude, and when absolutely arranging the business of a spring and Autumn meeting at Ascot, to vie in some degree with the sport of Newmarket, and when the whole country resounded with unprecedented plaudits, the all-wise and dispending Power, to whose dictates we must piously submit, dropped the curtain of death upon such a life, such an accumulation of good-will and charitable practice to all mankind, that is but little imitated, never can be excelled! In the happy retrospection of which one admonition naturally presents itself for the rumination of every contemplatist of human excellence—

“Go thou and do likewise,”

MATT. HORSLEY.

A short time since was carried to his grave, the celebrated farming fox-hunter of the East

Riding of Yorkshire, at the advanced age of nearly ninety. It would be a kind of treason against sporting, not to rescue in some sort his memory for oblivion; for if ever a man loved hunting "with all his soul, and all his strength," and died game at the last, Matt. Horsley was that hunter.—On a small farm he contrived, from time to time, to bring into the field, to show off there, and to sell afterwards at good prices as many good horses as ever perhaps belonged to one person; for in the course of nearly a century, he had hunted with three generations. But this was not all his praise. He had a natural vein of humour and facetiousness, which the quaintness of a strong Yorkshire dialect heightened still more, and some greater men, who were his neighbours, wished to trample him down—poor man! he sometimes put aside the effects of ill-humour, by good-humour of his own. But as the bards from Menander down to Oliver Goldsmith, were of opinion that a line of verse was twice as long remembered as a line of prose, we have subjoined in doggrel rhyme, a sketch of the character of

MATT. HORSLEY, THE OLD FOX-HUNTER.

Matt. Horsley is gone, a true sportsman from birth,
 After all his long chases he's taken to earth;
 Full of days, full of whim, and good humour he died,
 The farmer's delight, and the fox-hunter's pride.
 And tho' the small comforts of life's private hour
 Were often encroach'd on, by rank and by power,

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

And tho' his plain means could but poorly afford
To cope with the squire, or contend with a lord—
Yet Matt. the sharp arrows of malice still broke,
In his quaint Yorkshire way, by a good-humour'd joke,
Till fourscore and ten, he continued life's course :
And for seventy long years he made part of his horse,
From the days of old Draper, who rose in the dark,
Matt. hunted thro' life to the days of Sir Mark.*
With Hunmanby's squire† he was first in the throng,
And with hard Harry Foord‡ never thought a day long ;
If the fox would but run, every bog it was dry,
No leap was too large—no Wold hill was too high :
Himself still in wind, tho' the steed might want breath,
He was then, as he's now, ever " in at the death,"
A tough hearty saplin from liberty's tree,
If ever plain Yorkshireman lived—it was he,

But at last honest Matt. has bid sporting adieu,
Many good things he uttered ;—one good thing is true,
" That aw'd by no frowns, above meanness or pelf—
No bad thing could ever be said of himself."
As honest Matt. Horsley is gone to repose—
And he and the foxes no longer are foes !
Lay one bush on his grave !—it will do his heart good,
For so vermin his nature—so true was his blood,
That but stand o'er his sod—Tally-ho ! be your strain,
Matt. Horsley will wake and will holloø again.

* Sir M. Masterman Skykes—whose hounds are almost as popular as the owner of them ; and for whom every man, who can, preserves a fox.

† Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq. who in his day, and in the days of Isaac Granger, who was his huntsman, had one of the best packs of fox-hounds in England.

‡ Harry Foord, a former vicar of Fox-holes on the Wolds, esteemed one of the best gentlemen riders in England—and who preserved that true character in riding, never to avoid what was necessary, or to do that which was not. He therefore rode, through ten seasons, two as good horses as ever went into a field—though riding fourteen stone

SINGULAR AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Mr. Archer, a gentleman of about ten thousand pounds per annum, chiefly landed property in Berkshire, and partly in Essex, died a few years ago, and left a very large fortune, great part of which he gave to his wife, but the bulk went to his daughters by a former marriage.— Besides his house in Berkshire, he had a fine mansion on his beautiful estate of Coopersale, near Epping, in Essex. But this house had been deserted for twenty years or more, no one being allowed to reside in it. On the death of Mr. Archer, it fell to the lot of one of his daughters, who sent a surveyor to examine the house. His report was curious. Neither the gates of the court-yard, nor the doors of the mansion-house had been opened for the period of eighteen years. The latter, by order, were covered with plates of iron. The court-yard was crowded with thistles, docks, and weeds; and the inner hall with cobwebs. The rooks and jackdaws had built their nests in the chimneys, and the solemn bird of night had taken possession of the principal drawing-room. Several of the rooms had not been opened for thirty years. The pigeons had, for the space of twenty-five years, built their nests in the library, (which contained some thousand books,) having made a lodgment through the means of an aperture in one of the casements. Here they had,

it is supposed, remained undisturbed for the space above mentioned, as several loads of dung were found in the apartment. A celebrated naturalist, who was present at the opening of the house, declared he never saw cobwebs so beautiful before, or of such an amazing size.— They extended the whole length of one room, from the ceiling to the ground. The wines, ale, and rum, of each of which there were large quantities, had not been touched for twenty years; they were found in fine order, particularly the port wine. The bailiff, the gardener, and his men, were expressly ordered by their late master not to remove even a weed from the garden or grounds. The fish-ponds were untouched for many years. A gentleman having permission to fish, caught several jacks, weighing fourteen and fifteen pounds, each. All the neighbouring gentry visited the house and grounds, the ruinous condition of which formed a topic of general conversation.

The style in which Mr. Archer travelled once a year, when he visited his estates, resembled more the pompous pageantry of the ancient nobles of Spain, when they went to take possession of a viceroyalty, than that of a plain country gentleman. The following was the order of the cavalcade :—1st. The coach and six, with two postilions and coachman. Three out-riders. Post chaise and four post-horses. Phaeton and four, followed by two grooms. A chaise-marine

with four horses, carrying the numerous services of plate. This last was escorted by the under-butler, who had under his command three stout fellows; they formed a part of the household; all were armed with blunderbusses. Next followed the hunters, with their clothes on, of scarlet, trimmed with silver, attended by the stud-grooms and huntsman. Each horse had a fox's brush tied to the front of the bridle. The rear was brought up by the pack of hounds, the whipper-in, the hack horses, and the inferior stablemen. In the coach went the upper servants. In the chariot Mrs. Archer, or, if she preferred a less confined view of the country, she accompanied Mr. Archer in the phæton, who travelled in all weathers in that vehicle, wrapped up in a swansdown coat.

A FACETIOUS INQUIRY.

After a loud preface of "Oh, yes," pronounced most audibly three times in the High Street, at Newmarket, the late Lord Barrymore, having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?" "I do," said a gentleman, with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied Lord Barrymore, "if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure and let you know."

EPITAPH ON A SPANIEL.

The following lines are intended to commemorate one of the best Spaniels that ever existed.

Well hast thou earn'd this little space,
Which barely marks the turf is heav'd;
For, truest of a faithful race,
Thy voice its master ne'er deceiv'd.

Whilst busy ranging hill and dale,
The pheasant crouch'd from danger nigh,
Till warmer felt the scented gale,
Thou forc'd the brilliant prey to fly.

Alike the woodcock's dreary haunt,
Thou knew to find amidst the shade;
Ne'er did thy tongue redoubled chant,
But, mark! quick echo'd thro' the glade.

Rest then, assur'd that mortals can
Draw a good moral from thy story here;
Happy, if so employ'd, the span
Of active life, within their sphere.

For, search the middling world around,
How few their proper parts sustain;
How rare the instance to be found,
Of truth amongst the motley train.

THE DUTCH BARON.

The gentlemen of the green cloth were put out of *queue*, by a hero of a hazard-table imported from the continent, a few years ago, by one of the squad, who, while he pretended to be playing the losing game, was shrewdly suspected of going snacks in all that rolls into the pocket.

The Dutch Baron was introduced by his friend who happened to have known him at Hamburgh. He played in a crowd of billiard amateurs and

professors, many of whom were rich, and lost about one hundred and fifty guineas with the utmost sang-froid. Upon his retiring, his friend told the company he was a fine pigeon, a Dutch Baron, who had emigrated from Holland with immense property, and who would as readily lose ten thousand pounds as ten guineas.—Some asked, “Is it the Gala Hope!” “No, (replied others) he is in hands that will not let him slip a-while.” “Is it Princess Amelia’s house Hope!” asked another. “Who is he! Who is he!” was eagerly inquired—“A Dutch Baron, as rich as a jew,” was answered in a whisper.

No Batavian laid out an hundred and fifty guineas so well as the Dutch Baron. The whole corps of riflemen flocked around him, like a swarm of fish at a piece of bread. But little P. well known at Bath, who thought he best knew how to make his market like a man of business, applied to the baron’s friend to have the first plucking. The friend, as a great favour engaged to use his influence; little P. was at the billiard table the first man in the morning, that he might secure the play in his own hands; the baron came—to it they went; little P. kept back his play; the Dutch Baron played but poorly—fair strokes he often missed; but whenever he was at an important point, he won, as if by accident. On they went—Hambletonian and Diamond. Little P. was afraid of frightening

the baron, by disclosing the extent of his play; the baron played so as to persuade every one he knew little of the game. The contest was, who should play worst at indifferent periods, and who, without seeming to play well, should play best at important points—the baron won on all great occasions, till little P. had lost about 100%. But the baron managed so well, that no one thought he could play at all, and although little P. was sickened, yet the bait of 150 guineas found plenty of customers. Some of them the greatest adepts in the kingdom, gave the baron at starting three points in the game; but the baron's accidental good play was so superior, whenever a great stake was down, he at last gave three points to those who had given him three points, and still beat them—by accident. And before the billiard knowing ones at Bath would stop, the baron had won nearly ten thousand pounds, with which he made a bow and came to London.

But this Dutch Nobleman's fame travelled almost as fast as himself, and he was found out; not, however, till he had sweated some of the most knowing gentlemen of the *queue*.

He concealed his play so well, that no one could form an idea of its extent. To the best billiard-players he gave points, and always won on important occasions. He seemed to be a very conjurer, commanding the balls to roll as he pleased; and there was nothing to be nam-

ed, that it is not supposed he could accomplish

But the most entertaining part of his story is the style of reprobation in which the professors of the *queue* spoke of his concealment of his play. They execrated him as guilty of nothing short of cheating; they, whose daily practice it was to conceal their play, and angle on the gudeons with whom they engaged—they bitterly reviled the Dutch baron for retorting their own artifice, and entrapping them in their own way.

And who was the Dutch Baron? asks every one who hears of his achievements. In Hamburgh, he was marker at a billiard table!

WORDS TAKEN LITERALLY.

A farmer in Lincolnshire had a greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog to be tied up. About an hour after he inquired of the servant if he had done as he directed. "Yes, Sir, I has."—"Very well."—"I dare say he is dead before now"—"Why, damn you, you have not hanged him!" rejoined the master. "Yes, Sir, you bid me tie him up!"

"ALL HIS FAULTS."

A celebrated veterinarian writer was once requested to give a professional opinion upon a new purchase, from one of the fashionable recep-

tacles, for figure, bone, speed, and perfection ; when, upon the purchaser's anxious inquiry whether it was not a fine horse, and exceeding cheap at forty, the cautious examiner felt himself in the awkward predicament of acknowledging he certainly was, had he possessed the advantage of seeing his way in or out of the stable ! " Seeing his way in or out ! why, what the devil do you mean ? " — " Only that this paragon of perfection is totally blind ! Was he warranted sound to you ? " — " No, I bought him with—all his faults ! "

THE SEA HORSE.

A captain of a West-Indiaman wished to purchase a horse ; in consequence he applied to a well-known character, who sold him one. After the purchase had been made, the captain observed—" Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are. " " What do you mean to do with him ? " replied the other. " Why to take him to sea, " said the Captain, " to the West Indies. " " Then I will be candid (replied the dealer,) he may go very well at sea, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him. "

THE FIDELITY OF A DOG.

In a village situated between Caen and Vire, on the borders of a district called the Grove,

there dwelt a peasant of a surly untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, insomuch that the neighbours were sometimes obliged, by her outcries, to interpose, in order to prevent farther mischief. Being at length weary of living with one whom he always hated, he resolved to get rid of her. He pretended to be reconciled, altered his behaviour, and on holidays invited her to walk out with him in the fields for pleasure and recreation. One summer evening, after a very hot day, he carried her to cool and repose herself on the borders of a spring, in a place very shady and solitary. He pretended to be very thirsty. The clearness of the water tempted them to drink. He laid himself down upon his belly, and swilled large draughts of it, highly commending the sweetness of the water, and urging her to refresh herself in like manner. She believed him, and followed his example. As soon as he saw her in that posture, he threw himself upon her, and plunged her head into the water, in order to drown her. She struggled hard for her life, but could not have prevailed but for the assistance of a dog, who used to follow, and was fond of her, and never left her : he immediately flew at the husband, and seized him by the throat, made him let go his hold, and saved the life of his mistress.

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There is one of my friends
at
the whole of the
Oh I get there
now



